

From the New York Observer.

THE FAMINE-LANDS.

THE accounts from Ireland and Scotland by the steamer arrived since our last, present no features of encouragement. From Scotland the accounts are worse and worse. The committee of the Free Church of Scotland charged with investigating the destitution in the country, have published their report in the Edinburgh Witness, in which they say:

"Nothing can be more obvious to reflection than the nature of this distress among our countrymen in the Highlands and Islands. Their food has been destroyed, and means of purchasing other food they have not. At this date, there must be nearly *two hundred thousand of our countrymen actually destitute of food*; and of the other half multitudes are daily falling into the same distressing and fearful state; the remaining produce of their soil expending and expended; while, ere the month of May next, they can but anticipate that the same condition will be universal, with exceptions (numerically) to be scarcely taken into account. A parallel more easily realized than perhaps Highland destitution, would be that of the population of one of our largest cities, by some dreadful and sudden visitation, deprived, not merely of their household stores—not merely of their family resources, but also, together with those, deprived of their commerce and ordinary business—of all and whole of the sources by which their whole bodily sustenance was wont to be maintained.

"Dr. Mackay and Mr. Simpson report from the Islands visited by them, that the destitution existing is already most severe, and that necessarily, in a short time hence, without extraneous supply, it must become truly appalling. The demeanor of the people they found not to be that of noisy clamor but of retiring shyness in general, which would rather conceal than make known the pressing distress to which they were then already, many of them, sorely subjected. The dependence of the population on potato diet was so complete, and the unexpected suddenness of the mysterious calamity that had befallen them so overwhelming, that it almost seemed to have a stunning effect. They indeed observed the people, at the meetings they held with them, decently clothed in their wonted humble garb; but many a countenance depicting the sad reality which could not be concealed. Inquiry alone can reveal the real state of matters among the people. These members of the visiting deputation remarked the general *dulness* prevailing—the schools they found half deserted; nor could they help remarking their never but once having seen children at play. Their reports contain explanations and narratives unfit for such a brief statement as this; but all tending to show the immediate demand for liberal and vigorous exertion to meet the existing calamity. It is matter of wonder to some how others are living at all. One family of thirteen individuals had to kill and sell the carcase of their only cow to buy some meal."

The very soul of sorrow breathes in the following appeal from the north of Scotland:

THE MIDNIGHT MEAL.

The moonlight coldly glimmereth upon that granite height—

Coldly glimmereth on the sea with an uncertain light.

'T is silent—all is silent—but the Atlantic's roar;  
Yet crowds come at this midnight ebb, and spread along the shore.

There's no boat for deep-sea fish, no pearls among the stones;

No vessel stranded on the rocks; no shipwrecked sailor's groans.

Alas, the hungry people, that for a hungry meal  
Gather the ocean's meanest spoils—the echin and the eel!

Alas, the dying people! for that unwholesome food

Makes sore the pang it lengthens out—sends fever to the blood.

Oh! but the land is weary, and pineth sore for bread;

And it's hopeless—all but hopeless—that her thousands should be fed.

Oh look, ye southern countries, what crop the northern yields;

The barren sand lies to our hand, but rotten are our fields!

'T is six long months—God help us! to the ripening of the grain,

And death will have his harvest first, ere harvests be again.

These brave men bore the battle up, in England's bloody day;

But hearts, as stout as steel in war, in famine melt away;

For sore it wastes the flesh without, and gnaws the heart within;

And very sunken grow the eyes, and loose the shrivelled skin.

And very sick the soul would be, but that these souls have faith;

That is a stay in agony—that is a hope in death;

Oh! but the land is weary, and it pineth sore for bread;

And the living do not murmur—the voice comes from the dead!

The intelligence from Ireland is more disastrous still. From our Dublin papers we might copy more than this page would contain of the frightful details, which cannot be read without feelings of the deepest sympathy. And the worst feature is that there is nothing better in store. No provision has been made for the next year's crops, and where the distress is to end, it is out of the power of man to foretell. We give a few of the appalling facts:

Dr. M'Swiney, one of the physicians to the Macroom Dispensary, reports that in that neighborhood, which hitherto enjoyed comparative exemption, the work of desolation has now commenced: "On the afternoon of Friday, (he writes to the

*Cork Constitution*.) during the sitting of our relief committee, it was whispered that, on the previous evening, a woman died in Masseytown from starvation. I was requested to ascertain the facts. On my arrival I found the door ajar, and the neighbors most unwilling to approach the house, saying, 'there was a bad fever in it.' On going in, a female with two children was crouching near a fireless hearth. Inquiring from her if a woman was not dead in the house, she faintly said 'yes,' pointing to a bedstead—no bed—partially hid from view, where I discovered a corpse, and, as I fancied, a human being along-side. 'There are two dead here,' said I, turning to the woman. 'No,' sounded a voice sepulchral, 'I am not dead yet.' This was the husband, Dick Walshe, lying by the side of his wife (the corpse) since the night before. In half an hour after, that mercy which was denied to him in this world was, I trust, vouchsafed him in the next. For six-and-thirty hours not one of the group tasted human food; and when supplied to the survivors, exhausted nature quailed under the shock of the novelty. These creatures crawl still. Next day, in the same street, Denis Murphy, a weaver, died from hunger. I expostulated with the neighbors how they allowed such a thing. The despairing answer was, 'it will be our own turn next.' The tops of leeks had sustained the father and the flock, four in number, for some days before. The father was struck down; the others have yet the gauntlet before them. On Sunday last, one of my brother's laborers attended to Clondrohid church-yard the remains of some acquaintance. While in the grave-yard eleven other bodies were borne into it, and on his return home he met four on the way."

The Rev. Robert Traill, D. D., rector of the parish of Schull, county Cork, has addressed a letter to the editor of *Sunders*, from which we take the following extract:—"Since I penned the above I was hastily summoned to a sick bed. Fast as my horse's limbs could carry me I hurried to the spot, but ere I reached it the spirit had taken its flight. Over the corpse was one son weeping and wailing, while in a corner lay another in fever—his wife, near her confinement, miserable and wretched—and all starving together. On my way I had met a corpse, a little hay its only shroud, going to the place of interment; and I passed a gentleman, who stated that he had found a man in the agonies of dissolution by the road-side. On my return I visited three persons in fever. On a bed of straw, in one of the cabins, lay a poor dying Roman Catholic, with one child, a little corpse, at his side, and another nearly expiring at his feet, while the third was so feeble that the mother, wringing her hands in anguish—herself pale and emaciated—was obliged to change its position as necessity required. From this heart-rending scene I proceeded homeward, and stepping into a miserable hovel, where lived another Roman Catholic family, and where I had been not two days before, I beheld the father dead and ghastly, and his poor daughter, apparently in great pain, sitting opposite to her departed parent, herself not far from the grave. Such sir, were a few of the occurrences of about two hours' absence from my house. Nothing else have we to anticipate than another city of the plague! Three dead bodies—*miserable visu*—were recently conveyed in one cart, side by side, to the burying ground, and thrown into a hole, unmourned, unwept; for amongst us sorrow has long since exhausted her tears. A piteous story I may

here relate. A female was observed directing her way to the grave-yard, unattended, save by two children she bore in her arms. One of these, it seems, was a corpse, and for it she scratched a hole, and having consigned it to its cold dwelling, she took up the other and placed it in her lap; and was seen in that position waiting till it also should expire, that she might lay her two dead infants in one common grave."

Did pity ever weep over such a scene before? A mother, in a Christian land, scratching a grave for one infant and waiting for another to die! May the God of mercy have compassion on that perishing land.

The government of Great Britain has just borrowed forty millions of dollars to furnish relief to starving Ireland: and private benevolence is extended with cheerfulness that promises somewhat to mitigate these horrors.

From the New York Commercial Advertiser.

**MOST UNHAPPY IRELAND.**—We have heretofore published accounts of the inconceivable misery prevailing in some parts of Ireland—accounts that filled the heart with sympathetic anguish—but they were cold and tame and feeble in comparison with the picture presented in an extract from the journal of Mr. Elihu Burritt, which will be found on our first page. We have read many dreadful things in the course of our editorial experience—dreadful tales of human suffering by wars, and pestilence, and shipwreck—awful disasters by flood and fire, torments inflicted on men by other men—but never anything that so cruelly appealed to the shuddering compassion of human nature as these simply narrated details of what Mr. Burritt saw. And we do not suspect him of exaggeration, or others of suppression; we entertain no doubt that what he describes he beheld, or that what others have beheld they also have endeavored to describe. The difference is caused, we presume, by generalization on the one hand, and individualization on the other. Others have placed before us masses and groups of suffering; Mr. Burritt paints single figures. Just as Sterne gave an infinitely more touching picture of slavery by setting before us one solitary captive, pining in his bondage, than could be produced in the delineation of an enslaved multitude.

One reflection suggests itself in the study of this awful picture. The scene of such unheard-of misery is no remote, secluded, inaccessible portion of the Almighty's earth; the sufferers are not the scarcely known inhabitants of some scarcely known and unfrequented land. All this depth of human wretchedness exists in one of the most populous and fertile countries on the globe; in the very centre of civilization and refinement and knowledge; within a few days of a great continent teeming with life and movement and resources; under the very shadow, as it were, of the most powerful and opulent nation in the world. Apart, then, from the immediate cause, the wasting famine that has visited the land, surely there must be something vitally wrong in a condition of society where such general destitution can exist; where the capacity of meeting such a visitation is so hopelessly inadequate. Whether it be the government, or the religion, or the absentees, or the social arrangements, or the priests, or political agitation, or the recklessness and imprudence of the people themselves—any of these, or all—there must be something awfully wrong, involving an awful responsibility.

## ELIHU BURRITT ON IRELAND.

MR. BURRITT has been making a tour of Ireland for the purpose of investigating the real condition of the people of that afflicted country. The picture he has drawn we transfer to our columns. Mr. Burritt is a competent witness, and his testimony tells but too plainly that Americans must not relax their efforts to save their fellow-men. Mr. B. says that his own observation and the remarks of others have convinced him that *one hundred dollars' worth of food from America would be as valuable as two hundred dollars in money*; and that clothing, shoes, &c., however old, will be the next seasonable donation to food. He suggests that each state should freight a vessel; also that all vessels should be sent to Cork.

A WEEK IN IRELAND—LEAVES FROM THE EDITOR'S JOURNAL.

Skibbereen, Feb. 20.

\* \* \* Rev. Mr. Fitzpatrick called, with several gentlemen of the town, and in their company I took my first walk through the potter's field of destitution and death. As soon as we opened the door, a crowd of haggard creatures pressed upon us, and with agonizing prayers for bread, followed us to the soup kitchen. One poor woman, whose entreaties became irresistibly importunate, had watched all night in the grave yard, lest the body of her husband should be stolen from his last resting-place, to which he had been consigned yesterday. She had left five children sick with the famine fever in her hovel, and she raised an exceeding bitter cry for help. A man with swollen feet pressed closely upon us, and begged for bread most piteously. He had pawned his shoes for food, which he had already consumed. The soup kitchen was surrounded by a cloud of these famine spectres, half naked and standing or sitting in the mud, beneath a cold drizzling rain. The narrow defile to the dispensary bar was choked with young and old of both sexes, struggling forward with their rusty tin and iron vessels for soup; some of them upon all fours like famished beasts.

There was a cheap bread dispensary opened in one end of the building; and the principal pressure was at the door of this. Among the attenuated apparitions of humanity that thronged this gate of stinted charity, one poor man presented himself under circumstances that even distinguished his case from the rest. He lived several miles from the centre of the town, in one of the rural districts, where he found himself on the eve of perishing with his family of seven small children. Life was worth the last struggle of nature, and the miserable skeleton of a father had fastened his youngest child to his back; and with four more by his side, had staggered up to the door, just as we entered the bread department of the establishment. The hair upon his face was nearly as long as that upon his head. His cheeks were fallen in, and his jaws so distended that he could scarcely articulate a word. His four little children were sitting upon the ground by his feet, nestling together, and trying to hide their naked limbs under their dripping rags. How these poor things could stand upon their feet and walk, and *walk* five miles as they had done, I could not conceive.

Their appearance, though common to thousands in this region of the shadow of death, was indescribable. Their paleness was not that of common sickness. There was no sallown tinge in it. They

did not look as if newly raised from the grave and to life before the blood had begun to fill their veins anew; but as if they had just been thawed out of the ice, in which they had been imbedded until their blood had turned to water.

Leaving this battle field of life, I accompanied Mr. Fitzpatrick, the Catholic minister, into one of the hovel lanes of the town. We found in every tenement we entered enough to sicken the stoutest heart. In one we found a shoemaker who was at work before a hole in the mud wall of his hut, about as large as a small pane of glass. There were five in his family; and he said when he could get any work he could earn about three shillings a week. In another cabin we discovered a nailer, by the small light of his fire, working in a space not three feet square. He too had a large family, half of whom were down with the fever; and he could earn but two shillings a week. About the middle of this filthy lane we came to the ruin of a hovel which had fallen during the night and killed a man who had taken shelter in it with his wife and child. He had come in from the country; and, ready to perish with cold and hunger, had entered this falling house of clay. He was warned of his danger, but answered that die he must unless he found a shelter before morning. He had kindled a small fire with some straw and bits of turf, and was crouching over it, when the whole roof and gable end of earth and stones came down upon him and his child, and crushed him to death over the slow fire.

The child had been pulled out alive, and carried to the workhouse; but the father was still lying there upon the dung heap of the fallen roof, slightly covered with a piece of canvass. On lifting this, a humiliating spectacle presented itself. What rags the poor man had upon him when buried beneath the falling roof, were mostly torn from his body in the last faint struggle for life; his neck and shoulders and right arm were burnt to a cinder. There he lay in the ruin, like the carcass of a brute beast thrown upon the dung hill. As we continued our walk along this filthy lane, half naked women and children would come out of their cabins, apparently in the last stage of the fever, to beg for food "for the honor of God." As they stood upon the wet ground, we could almost see it smoke beneath their bare feet, burning with the fever. We entered the grave-yard, in the midst of which was a small watch-house. This miserable shed had served as a grave where the dying could bury themselves. It was seven feet long and six in breadth. It was already walled round on the outside with an embankment of graves half way to the eaves. The aperture of this horrible den of death would scarcely admit the entrance of a common sized person. And into this noisome sepulchre living men, women and children went down to die; to pillow upon the rotten straw, the grave clothes vacated by preceding victims, and festering with their fever. Here they lay as closely to each other as if crowded side by side on the bottom of one grave. Six persons had been found in this fetid sepulchre at one time, and with one only able to crawl to the door and to ask for water. Removing a board from the entrance of this black hole of pestilence, we found it crammed with wan victims of famine, ready and willing to perish. A quiet, listless despair broods over the population, and cradles men for the grave.

Returned from this painful walk, nearly wet through and sad at the thought that I could not administer any relief to my perishing fellow-beings.

—Spent this evening in writing letters to England.

*Skibbereen Feb. 21.* \* \* \* \* Dr. Donovan called at 2 P. M. and we proceeded together to visit a lane of hovels on the opposite side of the village. The wretchedness of this little mud-city of the dead and dying was of a deeper stamp than the one I saw yesterday. Here human beings and their clayey habitations seemed to be melting down together into the earth. I can find no language or illustration sufficiently impressive to portray the spectacle to an American reader. A cold, drizzling rain was deepening the pools of black filth, into which it fell like ink drops from the clouds. Few of the young or old have not read of the scene exhibited on the field of battle after the action, when visited by the surgeon.—The cries of the wounded and dying for help have been described by many graphic pens. The agonizing entreaty for "Water! water!! help! help!!" has been conveyed to our minds with painful distinctness. I can liken the scene we beheld in this low lane of famine and pestilence to nothing of greater family resemblance than that of the battle field, when the hostile armies have retired, leaving one third of their number bleeding upon the ground.

As soon as Dr. Donovan appeared at the head of the lane, it was filled with miserable beings, haggard, famine-stricken men, women and children, some far gone in the consumption of the famine fever, and all imploring him "for the honor of God" to go in and see "my mother," "my father," "my wife," "my boy," "who is very bad, your honor." And then interspersed with these earnest entreaties, others louder still would be raised for bread. In every hovel we entered we found the dying or the dead. In one of these straw-roofed burrows eight persons had died in the last fortnight, and five more were lying upon the fetid, pestiferous straw, upon which their predecessors to the grave had been consumed by the wasting fever of famine. In scarcely a single one of these most inhuman habitations was there the slightest indication of food of any kind to be found, or fuel to cook food, or anything resembling a bed, unless it were a thin layer of filthy straw in one corner, upon which the sick persons lay, partly covered with some ragged garment.

There being no window, nor aperture to admit the light in these wretched cabins, except the door, we found ourselves often in total darkness for the first moment of our entrance. But a faint glimmering of a handful of burning straw in one end would soon reveal to us the indistinct images of wan-faced children grouped together, with their large, plaintive, still eyes, looking out at us, like the sick young of wild beasts in their dens. Then the groans, and the choked, incoherent entreaties for help, of some man or woman wasting away with the sickness, in some corner of the cabin, would apprise us of the number and condition of the family. The wife, mother or child would frequently light a wisp of straw, and hold over the face of the sick person, discovering to us the sooty features of some emaciated creature in the last stage of the fever. In one of these places we found an old woman stretched upon a pallet of straw, with her head within a foot of a handful of fire, upon which something was steaming in a small iron vessel. The Doctor removed the cover, and we found it was filled with a kind of slimy seaweed, which I believe is used for manure on the seaboard.

This was all the nourishment the daughter could serve to her sick mother. But the last cabin we

visited in this painful walk presented to our eyes a lower deep of misery. It was the residence of two families, both of which had been thinned down to half their original number by the sickness. The first sight that met my eyes on entering was the body of a dead woman, extended on one side of the fireplace. On the other an old man was lying on some straw, so far gone as to be unable to articulate distinctly. He might be ninety or fifty years of age. It was difficult to determine; for this wasting consumption of want brings out the extreme indices of old age in the features of even the young.

But there was another apparition which sickened all the flesh and blood of my nature. It has haunted me during the past night, like Banquo's ghost. I have lain awake for hours, struggling for some graphic and truthful similes or new elements of description, by which I might convey to the distant reader some tangible image of this object. A dropsical affection among the young and old is very common to all the sufferers by famine. I had seen men at work on the public roads with their limbs swollen almost to twice their usual size. But when the woman of this cabin lifted from the straw, from behind the dying person, a boy about twelve years of age, and held him up before us upon his feet, the most horrifying spectacle met our eyes. The cold, watery-faced child was entirely naked in front from his neck down to his feet. His body was swollen to nearly three times its usual size, and had burst the ragged garment that covered him, which now dangled in shreds behind him.

The woman of the other family, who was sitting at her end of the hovel, brought forward her little infant, a thin-faced baby of two years, with clear, sharp eyes, that did not wink, but stared stock still at vacancy, as if a glimpse of another existence had eclipsed its vision. Its cold, naked arms were not much larger than pipe-stems, while its body was swollen to the size of a full-grown person. Let the reader group these apparitions of death and disease into the spectacle of ten feet square, and then multiply it into three fourths of the hovels in this region of Ireland, and he will arrive at a fair estimate of the extent and degree of its misery. Were it not for giving them pain, I should have been glad if the well-dressed children in America could have entered these hovels with us, and looked upon the young creatures wasting away uncomplainingly by slow, consuming destitution. I am sure they would have been touched to the liveliest compassion at the spectacle, and have been ready to divide their wardrobe with the sufferers.

*Skibbereen, Feb. 22.* \* \* \* \* Dr. Hadden called to take me into Castlehaven parish, which comes within his circuit. This district borders upon the seas, whose rocky, indented shores are covered with cabins of a worse description than those at Skibbereen. On our way we passed several companies of men, women and children at work, all enfeebled and emaciated by destitution. Women, with their red, swollen feet partially swathed in old rags, some in men's coats, with the arms or skirts torn off, were sitting by the roadside breaking stones.

It was painful to see human labor and life struggling among the lowest interests of society. Men, once athletic laborers, were trying to eke out a few miserable days to their existence by toiling upon these works. Poor creatures! Many of them are already famine-stricken; they have reached a point from which they cannot be recovered. Dr. Donovan informs me that he can tell at a glance whether

a person has reached this point or not. And I am assured by several experienced observers that there are thousands of men who rise in the morning and go forth to labor with the picks and shovels in their hands, who are irrecoverably doomed to death. No human aid can save them. The plague spot of famine is on their foreheads; the worm of want has eaten in two their heart-strings. Still they go forth uncomplaining to their labor; and toil, cold, famished and half naked, upon the roads; and divide their eight or ten pence worth of food at night among a sick family of five or eight persons. Some are kept at home, and prevented from earning this miserable pittance, by the fear that some of their family may die before they return.

The first habitation we entered, in the Castlehaven district, was literally a hole in the wall, occupied by what might be called, in America, a squatter, or a man who had burrowed a place for himself and family in the acute angle of two dilapidated walls by the roadside, where he lived rent free. We entered this stunted den by an aperture about three feet high, and found one or two children lying asleep, with their eyes open, in the straw. Such at least, was their appearance, for they scarcely winked while we were before them. The father came in, and told a pitiful story of want, saying not a morsel of food had they tasted for twenty-four hours. He lighted a wisp of straw, and showed us one or two more children lying in another nook of the cave. Their mother had died, and he was obliged to leave them alone during the most of the day, in order to glean something for their subsistence. We were soon among the most wretched habitations that I had yet seen, far worse than those of Skibbereen. Many of them were flat roofed hovels, half buried in the earth, or built up against the rocks, and covered with rotten straw, sea-weed or turf. In one, which was scarcely seven feet square, we found five persons prostrate with the fever, and apparently near their end.

A girl about sixteen, the very picture of despair, was the only one left who could administer any relief, and all they could do was to bring water in a broken pitcher to slake their parched lips. As we proceeded up the rocky hill overlooking the scene, we encountered new sights of wretchedness. Seeing a cabin standing somewhat by itself in a hollow, and surrounded by a moat of green filth, we entered it with some difficulty, and found a single child about three years old lying upon a kind of shelf, with its little face resting upon the edge of the board, and looking steadfastly out at the door as if for its mother. It never moved its eyes as we entered, but kept them fixed toward the entrance. It is doubtful whether the poor thing had a mother or father left to her; but it is more doubtful still whether those eyes would have relapsed their vacant gaze, if both of them had entered at once, with everything that could tempt the palate in their hands. No words can describe this peculiar appearance of the famished children.

Never have I seen such bright, blue, clear eyes, looking so steadfastly at nothing. I could almost fancy that the angels of God had been sent to unseal the vision of these little, patient, perishing creatures to the beatitudes of another world; and that they were listening to the whispers of unseen spirits bidding them to "wait a little longer." Leaving this we entered another cabin, in which we found seven or eight attenuated young creatures, with a mother who had pawned her cloak, and could not venture out to beg for bread because

she was not fit to be seen on the streets. Hearing the voice of wailing from a cluster of huts further up the hill, we proceeded to them, and entered one, and found several persons weeping over the dead body of a woman lying by the wall near the door. Stretched upon the ground here and there lay several sick persons; and the place seemed a den of pestilence. The filthy straw was rank with the festering fever.

Leaving this habitation of death, we were met by a young woman in an agony of despair, because no one would give her a coffin to bury her father in. She pointed to a cart at some distance, upon which his body lay; and she was about to follow it to the grave; and he was such a good father she could not bear to lay him like a beast in the ground; and she begged a coffin "for the honor of God." While she was wailing and weeping for this boon, I cast my eye toward the cabin we had just left; and a sight met my view which made me shudder with horror. The husband of the dead woman came staggering out, with her body upon his shoulders, slightly covered with a piece of rotten canvass. I will not dwell upon the details of this spectacle. Painfully and slowly he bore the remains of the late companion of his misery to the cart. We followed him a little way off, and saw him deposit his burden alongside of the father of the young woman, and by her assistance. As the two started for the graveyard to bury their own dead, we pursued our walk still further on, and entered another cabin, where we encountered the climax of human misery. Surely, thought I, while regarding this new phenomenon of suffering, there can be no lower deep than this, between us and the bottom of the grave.

On asking after the condition of the inmates, the woman to whom we addressed the question answered by taking out of the straw three breathing skeletons, ranging from two to three feet in height, and *entirely naked*; and these human things were alive! If they had been dead they could not have been such frightful spectacles. They were alive; and, wonderful to say, they could stand upon their feet, and even walk; but it was awful to see them do it. Had their bones been divested of the skin that held them together, and been covered with a veil of thin muslin, they would not have been more visible. Especially when one of them clung to the door while a sister was urging it forward, it assumed an appearance which can have been seldom paralleled this side of the grave.

The effort which it made to cling to the door disclosed every joint in its frame, while the deepest lines of old age furrowed its face. The enduring of ninety years of sorrow seemed to chronicle its record of woe upon the poor child's countenance. I could bear no more; and we returned to Skibbereen, after having been all the afternoon among those abodes of misery. On our way we overtook the cart with the two uncoffined bodies. The man and young woman were all that attended them to the grave. Last year, the funeral of either would have called out hundreds of mourners from those hills; but now the husband drove the uncoffined wife to the grave without a tear in his eye, without a word of sorrow.

About half way to Skibbereen Dr. Hadden proposed that we should diverge to another road to visit a cabin in which we should find two little girls living alone, with their dead mother, who had lain unburied seven days. He gave an affecting history of this poor woman; and we turned from the road

to visit this new scene of desolation; but as it was growing quite dark, and the distance was considerable, we concluded to resume our way back to the village. In fact I had seen as much as my heart could bear.

In the evening I met several gentlemen at the house of Mr. Swanton, among whom was Dr. Donovan. He had just returned from a neighboring parish, where he had visited a cabin which had been deserted by the poor people, although it was known that some of its inmates were still alive, though dying in the midst of the dead. He knocked at the door; and, hearing no voice within, burst it open with his foot, and was in a moment almost overpowered by the horrid stench. Seeing a man's legs protruding from the straw, he moved them slightly with his foot, when a husky voice asked for water. In another part of the cabin, on removing a piece of canvass, he discovered three dead bodies, which had lain there *unburied for a fortnight*; and hard against one of these, and almost embraced in the arms of death, lay a young person far gone with the fever.—He related other cases too horrible to be published.

From the New York Courier and Enquirer.

*The Distress in Ireland*, fearful as it is, and productive of sufferings, of which in this fortunate land we can hardly conceive, will yet not be without some compensation in the good influences it has exercised and is exercising upon other nations, upon the general human heart.

The English government and English individuals of all classes, are freely pouring forth their aid, in mitigation of this great calamity: and across the great Atlantic the voice of blood reaches, and finds willing listeners.

In every part of our land, as may be seen by the records from time to time in the newspapers, the feeling of brotherhood for suffering man is awakened; and from the sunny south and the rugged north, from the prairies of the west, and from the Atlantic shores, daily contributions are poured forth for starving Ireland. Thus common feeling has pressed into one harmonious mass all conflicting passions, all prejudices even, all antagonisms and antipathies.

The Roman Catholic church of this state has presented a single instance of this surrender of ancient customs and exclusive action, by sending its contributions (and most liberal have they been) to the relief committee of this city, to be disbursed in Ireland by a committee of the society of Friends.

So other denominations have sunk all separate and peculiar agency in this noble charity, and have come forward, in their original character of human brotherhood, to help brothers in distress.

The most recent indication of this holy feeling is in the annexed admirable pastoral letter, as it may be truly called, for it is conceived and written in the spirit of the Good Shepherd, from Bishop Doane of New Jersey.

It was at his suggestion that the Jersey vessel, now about loaded and ready to sail, at Newark, was procured to carry the contributions of Jersey-men; and he now adds his exhortation to the churches to do their share in so good work.

"*Diocese of New Jersey.—The Famine in Ireland.*—The undersigned had supposed that the pressure of this fearful Providence, on every Christian heart,

would start a simultaneous and spontaneous action for its relief, which would outrun the promptest pastoral. And he has no reason to doubt that it has been so. But, inasmuch as brethren of the clergy and of the laity, whose judgment he relies on, as of the best, have expressed the opinion, that a more efficient action would be brought about, by an official communication of the subject to the diocese, he now affectionately requests, that on the Sunday before Easter, the 28th day of March, the offerings of the church, in any congregation where their sacred claim to sympathy and succor has not been fully urged, may be appropriated to the relief of the starving people of Ireland. Can there be a fitter object, or a more affecting motive, for our Lenten self-denial? 'Is not this the fast,' says God, 'that I have chosen, to loose the bands of wickedness, to undo the heavy burdens, and to let the oppressed go free, and that ye break every yoke? Is it not to deal thy bread to the hungry, and that thou bring the poor that are cast out, to thy home? When thou seest the naked, that thou cover him; and that thou hide not thyself from thine own flesh?' And that glowing promise! 'Then shall thy light break forth as the morning, and thine health shall spring forth speedily; and thy righteousness shall go before thee: the glory of the Lord shall be thy reward.' That, through the grace of God, the self-denial, which bears fruits of charity, may so abound in us, that, for His dear Son's sake, the promised blessing may be ours, the undersigned will ever pray.

"GEORGE W. DOANE, Bishop of New Jersey.  
"Riverside, 27 February, 1847."

#### "THOU ART THE MAN."

Thou art the man! Stand forth and lay

That shrouded bosom bare;

Show to the world what dark designs,

What guilt, lie brooding there:

Banish the glance, the smile of scorn

Thine eye hath shed, thy lip hath worn;

Nor dare condemn, in word or thought,

The deed thy brother's hand hath wrought.

Thou art the man! The paths of sin

Together ye have trod!

Think'st thou the prints thy feet have left

Are fainter to thy God?

Though high the honors of thy name,

And his the felon's brand of shame,

The darling sins thou lov'st to nurse,

Deeply as his, shall work thy curse.

Thou art the man! Recall to mind

That dark and fatal hour

When first thou heard'st temptation's voice,

Nor durst resist its power.

That moment stamped thee to all time

One of the brotherhood of crime;

And canst thou mark with tearless eye

Thy fellow's guilt-bought misery?

Thou art the man! Then lowly kneel;

Kneel to the dust and pray!

Perchance e'en yet a pardoning grace

May blot thy sin away.

No more presume, with judgment stern

Thine erring brother's suit to spurn:

Lest Heaven cut short thy guilty span,

And God proclaim, "Thou art the man!"

New York, Feb. 13th, 1847.

MARTIN.  
Boston Post.

YANKEE SHREWDNESS.\*

WHEN the prospect of forming a large manufacturing town on the Merrimac River was in contemplation, some of the persons concerned sent up Mr. B——, a young gentleman skilled as an engineer, and who was also fond of sporting, to view the water privilege carefully, and to make inquiry as to prices of land in the vicinity. He went with his dog, gun, and fishing-tackle, and obtained board in a farmer's house, a Mr. F.; and spent his time in viewing the falls, and the canal, and the river, and grounds, with occasional fowling and fishing. After spending some time there, in talking with the farmer, one evening he told him, "that he liked the place very well, and thought he should be pleased to come and live there." The man said, "he should be pleased to have him." "Well, Mr. F., what will you take for your farm?" "Why, I don't want to sell it Mr. B.; nor would I, unless I can get twice what it is worth, as I am satisfied here, and don't want to move." "Well, what do you say it is worth, Mr. F.?" "Why, it is worth \$1500, and I won't sell it for less than \$3000." "That is too much," says B., "I can't give that." "Very well, you need not." Here the conversation ended. Mr. B. continued his sporting, and having received his instructions in the course of a few days, renewed his talk with Mr. F., and said to him, "Well, Mr. F., I have made up my mind, that I should like to live here very well, and though you ask so much, I will take up with your offer, and give you \$3000." "Why, as to that, Mr. B., you did not take my farm when I offered it to you, and I am not willing to sell it now, for anything less than \$6000." "You are joking, Mr. F." "Not so, Mr. B., I am in earnest, and I shan't continue my offer more than 24 hours." B., finding he was determined, went off for instructions, and the next day told Mr. F. he would give him \$6000. The purchase was made, deed passed, and money paid. Some time afterwards Mr. B. asked the farmer what reason he had in the course of a few days to double the price for his farm, and to insist upon it. "Why, Mr. B., I will tell you: a day or two after I offered you the farm for \$3000, I saw two men on the opposite side of the Merrimac River, sitting on a rock, and talking for some time; then they got up, and one went up the river, and the other down, and after some time they returned, and seemed in earnest conversation for half an hour or more, when they arose and went away. I did not know what it meant, but I thought something was in the wind, and I determined, if you asked me again to sell my farm, I would demand double the price." Thus began the purchase of land, upon which the city of Lowell has been erected.

A VERY LIBERAL MINISTER.—We are sometimes asked what are the politics of the "Gleaner;" we smile and say, "We do not meddle with politics: we leave that to the Atlas and the Daily." The inquiry reminds us of an anecdote we heard when we lived in Dorchester.

\*We copy this article from a rival work, The Gleaner, edited and published by H. B. Hubbard & Co., at 50 cents a year. We would suggest to our young friends the expediency of having on their title something to show that their paper is published in Boston: this is no more than is due to Boston.

Some gentlemen down at Milton Mills were disputing about the merits of their several ministers and the manner of their preaching; at last one of them said, "After all your cracking up your ministers, mine is the best, for he neither preaches politics nor religion."—*Gleaner*.

SWEARING IN HEBREW.—Not long ago, as I was on my way from Newark to Jersey city, in the cars I observed a young lady sitting opposite to me, who seemed very much annoyed by the conversation of a young naval officer, which was continually intermingled with oaths. She at length, (having sat as long as she could without reproving him,) said, "Sir, can you converse in the Hebrew tongue?" He replied, "that he could," expecting, no doubt, to hold some conversation with her in that dialect. She then politely informed him that if he wished to swear any more, he would greatly oblige herself, and probably the rest of the passengers, if he would do it in that language. The young man was silent during the remainder of the passage.—*Gleaner*.

LOVE OF THE BEAUTIFUL.—A countryman was one day visiting the original owner of the beautiful seat in Brookline, now the property of Dr. Warren; and walking with him through the little grove, out of which all the under-brush had been cleared, paths had been nicely cut and gravelled, and the rocks covered with woodbine, suddenly stopped, and, admiring the beauty of the scene, lifted up his hands and exclaimed, "This I like: this is Nature with her hair combed."—*Gleaner*.

PUN.—A man being requested to make a pun, asked for a subject; he was told to take the king; upon which he replied that the king was no subject.—*Gleaner*.

CONUNDRUM.—Why is there no danger of a person's starving in the Great Desert of Sahara? Because of the sand which is (Sandwiches) there.—*Gleaner*.

FASHION'S IDOL.

BY THE HON. MRS. NORTON.

SUCH wert thou in thy youth!—thy youth!  
 Poor heart, hast thou indeed been young?  
 Where is the freshness and the truth  
 That round thy life's first promise hung?  
 Where are the days—forgotten now,  
 When gentle joy was in thy glance,  
 And thy young steps went gayly through  
 The mazes of the merry dance?  
 And where the after-years, whose light,  
 Though false, and full of empty glare,  
 Dazzled thy vain, bewildered sight,  
 And made the present all thy care?  
 When, victims to thy practised wiles,  
 Hundreds bowed down the willing knee,  
 And praised thy singing and thy smiles—  
 (For none could smile and sing like thee!)  
 Where are those lover-slaves? They kneel  
 To some new idol of the hour;  
 And teach some heart that yet can feel  
 To scorn all love, save love of power.  
 Pleasure, who bore thee swiftly on,  
 His lagging sail at length hath furled;  
 And dark the twilight of thy sun,  
 Thou favorite of a fickle world!

**CURIOUS LITERARY TRIAL.**—Last week a case was brought before the Civil Tribunal in Paris, in which the Marquis d'Espinay-St-Luc was plaintiff, and M. Alexandre Dumas defendant. The former demanded 50,000*fr.* damages from the celebrated novelist for having, he alleged, injured the reputation of one of his ancestors, Francois d'Espinay-St-Luc, in the work entitled "*La Dame de Montsoreau*," contrary to all the historical documents of the day, which concur in representing that nobleman as one of the most valiant captains of the reign of Henry III. M. Alexandre Dumas had brought him forward, it was declared, in an ignoble manner, in several chapters, besides having attributed to him cruelty, in word and act, in his duel with M. de Montsoreau. The liberty which a novelist was allowed to take with historical names did not go the length, it was declared, of altering their characters and defaming them. The reputation of one's ancestors was a patrimony not less precious than property, and should be carefully watched over. The plaintiff, in consequence, invoked art. 1832 of civil code, to oblige M. Alexandre Dumas, in any other edition of the "*Dame de Montsoreau*," to suppress the passage complained of, or to substitute some other name for that of St-Luc. The court adjourned the case, in order to examine the work.

**THE FIRST STRIKING CLOCK.**—In the time of Alfred the Great, the Persians imported into Europe a machine which presented the first rudiments of a striking clock. It was brought as a present to Charlemagne from Abdallah, king of Persia, by two monks of Jerusalem, in the year 800. Among other presents, says Eginhart, was a horloge of brass, wonderfully constructed by some mechanical artifice, in which the course of the twelve hours *ad clepsidram vertebatur*, with as many little brazen balls, which, at the close of each hour, dropped down on a sort of bells underneath, and sounded the end of the hour. There were also twelve figures of horsemen, who, when the twelve hours were completed, issued out at twelve windows, which till then stood open, and returning again, shut the windows after them. It is to be remembered that Eginhart was an eye-witness of what is here described; and that he was an abbot, a skilful architect, and very learned in the sciences.—*Warton's Dissertation on the Introduction of Learning in England.*

**NATURAL CLOTHING.**—The clothing which grows from the bodies of animals is always suitable in quality and quantity to the climate and season under which they live. In hot climates the coat of quadrupeds is short and thin, but it thickens with increasing latitudes, and yields soft and abundant fleeces. At the poles it is externally shaggy and coarse, internally shorter and fine, as in the skin of the arctic bear. How defensive is the fur of amphibious animals; the beaver for example! How abundant and smooth upon birds as feathers, shutting up the heat of their warm blood, and opposing no resistance to the air through which they fly! The birds of very cold regions have plumage almost as bulky as their bodies: and those which live much in the water have additionally both a defence of oil on the surface of the feathers, and the interstices of the ordinary plumage filled with delicate down—a bad conductor, which abounds particularly on the breast, as it, in swimming, first meets and divides the cold wave. Then there are animals with warm blood which live in the water—for example, the whale, seal, and walrus; but neither hair nor feathers oiled would have been a fit clothing for them; they accordingly derive protection from the cold water by the enormous amount of Lubber or fat which surrounds their bodies; it is a non-conductor.—*Arnot.*

**SOLAR HEAT.**—In all our excursions over the surface of the globe, innumerable objects excite our

admiration, and contribute to inspire delight; but whether our gratitude is awakened by the verdure of the earth, the lustre of the waters, or the freshness of the air, it is to the beneficial agency of heat, under Providence, that we are indebted to them all. Without the presence and effects of heat, the earth would be an impenetrable rock, incapable of supporting animal or vegetable life; the waters would be forever deprived of their fluidity and motion, and the air of its elasticity and utility together. Heat animates, invigorates, and beautifies all nature; its influence is absolutely necessary to enable plants to grow, put forth their flowers, and perfect their fruit; it is closely connected with the powers of life, since animated beings lose their vitality when heat is withdrawn. Such is the universal influence of this powerful agent in the kingdoms of nature; nor is this influence diminished in the provinces of art. It is with the aid of heat that rocks are rent, and the hidden treasures of the earth obtained; matter is modified in countless ways by its agency, and rendered subservient to the uses of man; furnishing him with useful and appropriate implements, warm and ornamental clothing, wholesome and delicious food, needful and effectual shelter.—*Treatise on Heat.*

**ANNUALS.**—The age of guinea annuals is at its close; and these expensive toys, with their steel engravings and sumptuous covers of leather, silk, or velvet, are almost entirely superseded by five-shilling volumes, bound in cloth, and illustrated by woodcuts. This is in some sense matter of gratulation; but not because the one book is, economically speaking, cheaper than the other—for the very reverse is the case. The guinea annual was a most daring speculation. The letter-press did not cost less than from £200 to £250; the eighteen or twenty drawings averaged perhaps £15 each, and the good engravings perhaps £30 each; while the binding alone absorbed a very considerable portion of the selling price. For one engraving in the "*Souvenir*," Mr. Alaric Watts paid £150; and in addition to all ordinary costs, Mr. Charles Heath defrayed liberally the travelling expenses in foreign countries both of author and artist. Employed by this gentleman for the purpose of getting up the letter-press and illustrations of one of those volumes, Mr. Leitch Ritchie and the late Mr. Vickers spent several months in travelling in Russia, extending their wanderings beyond Moscow. The guinea annuals, therefore, were, and such of them as still survive are, cheaper in proportion to their cost than the five-shilling annuals, while they have the further merit of improving the taste of the upper classes in point of art. They are now, however, "*dreeing their weird*" just like other books. Fewer people can afford a guinea, and more people a crown, than formerly; and so Mr. Dickens, Mrs. Gore, Miss Toulmin, and various others, have started up, in the inevitable nature of things, to shove their predecessors from their stools.—*Chambers.*

The volume or bulk of carbonic acid gas expired by a healthy adult in twenty-four hours is said to amount to 15,000 cubic inches, containing about *six ounces* of solid carbon. This is at the rate of 137 pounds avoirdupois per annum; and taking the total population of the globe at seven hundred and sixty millions, the amount of solid carbon or charcoal every year produced by the human race will exceed 46,482,143 tons! Adding to this all the carbon produced by the combustion of fires and gas-lights, by the decay of animal and vegetable matter, the exhalations from springs, &c. there need be no marvel as to the source whence plants derive their solid or woody material, (which is principally carbon,) seeing that their leaves are especially fitted for the absorption of carbonic acid gas from the surrounding atmosphere.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

## ON THE TRUTHS CONTAINED IN POPULAR SUPERSTITIONS.

## THE DIVINING ROD.

February, 1847.

DEAR ARCHY—As a resource against the long ennui of the solitary evenings of commencing winter, I determined to betake me to the neglected lore of the marvellous, the mystical, the supernatural. I remembered the deep awe with which I had listened many a year ago to tales of seers, and ghosts, and vampires, and all the dark brood of night; and I thought it would be infinitely agreeable to thrill again with mysterious terrors, to start in my chair at the closing of a distant door, to raise my eyes with uneasy apprehension towards the mirror opposite, and to feel my skin creep with the sensible "afflatus" of an invisible presence. I entered, accordingly, upon what I thought a very promising course of appalling reading; but, alack and well-a-day! a change has come over me since the good old times, when Fancy, with Fear and Superstition behind her, would creep on tiptoe to catch a shuddering glimpse of Cobbold, Fay, or Incubus. Vain were all my efforts to revive the pleasant horrors of earlier years. It was as if I had planned going to the play to enjoy again the full gusto of scenic illusion, and through some unaccountable absence of mind, was attending a morning rehearsal only; when, instead of what I had expected, great-coats, hats, umbrellas, and ordinary men and women, masks, tinsel, trap-doors, pulleys, and a world of intricate machinery, lit by a partial gleam of sunshine, had met my view. The spell I had anticipated was not there. But yet the daylight scene was worth a few minutes' study. My imagination was not to be gratified; but still it might be entertaining to see how the tricks are done, the effects produced, the illusion realized. I found myself insensibly growing philosophical; what amused me became matter of speculation—speculation turned into serious inquiry—the object of which shaped itself into "the amount of truth contained in popular superstitions." For what has been believed for ages must have something real at bottom. There can be no prevalent delusion without a corresponding truth. If the dragons, that flew on scaly wings and expectorated flames, were fabulous, there existed nevertheless very respectable reptiles, which it was a credit to a hero or even a saint to destroy. If the Egyptian worship of cats and onions was a mistake, there existed nevertheless an object of worship.

Among the immortal productions of the Scottish Shakespeare—you smile, but *that* phrase contains the true belief, not a popular delusion; for the spirit of the poet lived not in the form of his productions, but in his creative power and vivid intuition of nature; and the form even is often nearer you than you think: See the works of imaginative prose writers, *passim*.

Well, among the novels of Scott, I was going to say, none perhaps more grows upon our preference than the *Antiquary*. In no one has the great author more gently and more indulgently, never with happier humor, displayed the mixed web of strength and infirmity of human character, (never, besides, with more facile power evoked pathos and terror, or disported himself in the sublimity and beauty of nature.) Yet gentle as is his mood, he

misses not the opportunity, albeit in general he betrays an honest leaning towards old superstitions, mercilessly to crush one of the humblest. Do you remember the Priory of St. Ruth, and the pleasant summer party made to visit it, and the preparation for the subsequent rogueries of Dousterswivel, in the tale of Martin Waldeck, and the discovery of a spring of water by means of the divining rod?

I am disposed, do you know, to rebel against the judgment of the novelist on this occasion—to take the part of the charlatan against the author of his being, and to question, whether his performance last alluded to might not have been something more and better than a trick. Yet I know not if it is prudent to brave public opinion, which has stamped this pretension as imposture. But, courage! I will not flinch. I will be desperate, with Sir Arthur, defy the sneeze of the great Pheulphan, and trust to unearth a real treasure in this discredited ground.

Therefore leave off appealing to the shade of Oldbuck, and listen to a plain narrative, and you shall hear how much truth there is in the reputed popular delusion of the divining rod.

I see my tone of confidence has already half staggered your disbelief; but pray do not, like many other incredulous gentry, run off at once into the opposite extreme. Don't let your imagination suddenly instal you perpetual chairman of the universal fresh-water company, or of the general gold-mine-discovery-proprietary-association. What I have to tell you falls very far short of so splendid a mark.

But perhaps you know nothing at all about the divining rod. Then I will enlighten your primitive ignorance.

You are to understand, that, in mining districts, a superstition prevails among the people, that some are gifted with an occult power of detecting the proximity of veins of metal, and of underground springs of water. In Cornwall, they hold that about one in forty possesses this faculty. The mode of exercising it is very simple. They cut a hazel twig that forks naturally into two equal branches; and having stripped the leaves off, they cut the stump of the twig, to the length of three or four inches, and each branch to the length of a foot or something less: for the end of a branch is meant to be held in each hand, in such a manner that the stump of the twig may project straight forwards. The position is this: the elbows are bent, the fore-arms and hands advanced, the knuckles turned downwards, the ends of the branches come out between the thumbs and roots of the forefingers, the hands are supinated, the inner side of each is turned towards its fellow, as they are held a few inches apart. The mystic operator, thus armed, walks over the ground he intends exploring, with the full expectation, that, when he passes over a vein of metal, or underground spring of water, the hazel fork will move spontaneously in his hands, the point or stump rising or falling as the case may be. This hazel fork is the DIVINING ROD. The hazel has the the honor of being preferred, because it divides into nearly equal branches at angles the nearest equal.

Then, assuming that there is something in this provincial superstition, four questions present themselves to us for examination.

Does the divining fork really move of itself in the hands of the operator, and not through motion communicated to it by the intentional or unintentional action of the muscles of his hands or arms?

What relation has the person of the operator to the motion observed in the divining rod?

What is the nature of the influence to which the person of the operator serves as a conductor?

Finally, what is the thing divined? the proximity of veins of metal or of running water? what or what not?

Then, let me at once premise, that upon the last point I have no information to offer. The uses to which the divining fork may be turned, are yet to be learned. But I think I shall be able to satisfy you, that the hazel fork in some hands, and in certain localities, held as I have described, actually moves spontaneously, and that the intervention of the human body is necessary to its motion; and that it serves as a conductor to an influence, which is either electricity, or something either combined with electricity, or very much resembling that principle in some of its habitudes.

I should observe, that I was no wiser than you are upon this subject, till the summer of 1843, and held the tales told of the divining rod to be nonsense, the offspring of mere self-delusion, or of direct imposture. And I think the likeliest way of removing *your* disbelief, will be to tell you the steps by which my own conversion took place.

In the summer of 1843, I lived some months under the same roof with a Scottish gentleman, well informed, of a serious turn of mind, endowed with the national allowance of caution, shrewdness, and intelligence. I saw a good deal of him; and one day by accident the subject of the divining rod was mentioned. He told me that at one time his curiosity having been raised upon the subject, he had taken pains to learn what there was in it. And for that purpose he had obtained an introduction to Mrs. R., sister of Sir G. R., then residing at Southampton, whom he learned to be one of those in whose hands the divining rod was said to move. He visited the lady, who was polite enough to show him what the performance amounted to, and to answer all his questions, and to allow him to try some simple experiment to test the reality of the phenomenon and its nature.

Mrs. R. told my friend, that being at Cheltenham in 1806, she saw for the first time the divining rod used by the late Mrs. Colonel Beaumont, who possessed the power of imparting motion to it in a very remarkable degree. Mrs. R. tried the experiments herself at the time, but without any success. She was, as it happened, very far from well. Afterwards, in the year 1815, being asked by a friend how the divining rod was held, and how it is to be used, on showing it she observed that the hazel fork moved in her hands. Since then, whenever she had repeated the experiment, the power has always manifested itself, though with varying degrees of energy.

Mrs. R. then took my friend to a part of the shrubbery, where she knew, from former trials, the divining rod would move in her hands. It did so, to my friend's extreme astonishment; and even continued to do so, when, availing himself of Mrs. R.'s permission, my friend grasped her hands with such firmness, as to preclude the possibility of any muscular action of her wrist or fingers influencing the result.

On another day my friend took with him pieces of copper and iron wire about a foot and a half long, bent something into the form of the letter V, with length enough in the horizontal limbs of the figure to form a sufficient *handle* for either branch of these new-fashioned divining forks. He found that these

instruments moved quite as freely in Mrs. R.'s hands as the hazel fork had done. Then he coated the two handles of one of them with sealing-wax, leaving, however, the extreme ends free and uncovered. When Mrs. R. used the rod so prepared, grasping it by the parts alone which were coated with sealing-wax, and walked over the same piece of ground as before, the wires exhibited no movement whatever. As often, however, as, with no greater change than touching the free ends of the wire with her thumbs, Mrs. R. established again a direct contact with the instrument, it again moved. The motion again ceased, as often as that direct contact was interrupted.

This simple narrative, made to me by the late Mr. George Fairholm, carried conviction to my mind of the reality of the phenomenon. I asked my friend why he had not pursued the subject further. He said he had often thought of doing so; and had, he believed, been mainly prevented by meeting with a work of the Count de Tristan, entitled, "*Recherches sur quelques Effluves Terrestres*," published at Paris in 1826, in which facts similar to those which he had himself verified were narrated, and a vast body of additional curious experiments detailed.

At my friend's instance, I sent to Paris for the book, which I have, however, only recently read through. I recommend it to your perusal, if the subject should happen to interest your wayward curiosity. Anything like an elaborate analysis of it is out of the question in a letter of this sort; but I shall borrow from it a few leading facts and observations, which at all events, will surprise you. I am afraid, after all, I should have treated the count as a visionary, and not have yielded to his statements the credence they deserve, but for the good British evidence I had already heard in favor of their trustworthiness; and still I suspect that I should have imagined many of the details fanciful had I perused them at an earlier period than the present; for it is but lately that I have read Von Reichenbach's experiments on the action of crystals, and of what not, upon sensitive human bodies; a series of phenomena utterly unlike those explored by the Count de Tristan, but which have, nevertheless, the most curious analogy and interesting points of contact with them, confirmatory of the truth of both.

But permit me to introduce you to the count; he shall tell you his own tale in his own way; but as he does not speak English, at least in his book, I must serve as dragoman.

"The history of my researches is simply this:—Some twenty years ago, a gentleman who, from his position in society, could have no object to gain by deception, showed to me, for my amusement, the movements of the divining rod. He attributed the motion to the influence of a current of water, which I thought no unlikely supposition. But my attention was rather engaged with the action produced by the influence, let that be what it might. My informant assured me he had met with many others, through whom similar effects were manifested. When I was returned home, and had opportunities of making trials under favorable circumstances, I found that I possessed the same endowment myself. Since then I have induced many to make the experiment; and I have found a fourth, or at all events a fifth of the number, capable of setting the divining rod in motion at the very first attempt. Since that time, during these twenty years, I have often tried my hand, but for amusement only, and desul-

torily, and without any idea of making the thing an object of scientific investigation. But at length, in the year 1822, being in the country, and removed from my ordinary pursuits, the subject again came across me, and I then determined to ascertain the cause of these phenomena. Accordingly, I commenced a long series of experiments, from 1500 to 1800 in number, which occupied me nearly fifteen months. The results of above 1200 were noted down at the time of their performance."

The scene of the count's operations was in the valley of the Loire, five leagues from Vendôme, in the park of the Chateau de Ranae. The surface of ground which gave the desired results, was from 70 to 80 feet in breadth. But there was another spot equally efficient near the count's ordinary residence at Emerillon, near Clery, four leagues southwest of Orleans, ten leagues south of the Loire, at the commencement of the plains of Sologne. The surface was from north to south, and was about of the same breadth with the other. These *exciting tracts* form, in general, bands or zones of undetermined, and often very great length. Their breadth is very variable. Some are only three or four feet across, while others are one hundred paces. These tracts are sometimes sinuous and sometimes ramify. To the most susceptible they are broader than to those who are less so.

The count thus describes what happens when a competent person, armed with a hazel fork, walks over these *exciting* districts.

When two or three steps have been made upon the exciting tract of ground, the fork (which I have already said is to be held horizontally with its central angle forward) begins gently to ascend; it gradually attains a vertical position—sometimes it passes beyond that, and lowering itself with its point towards the chest of the operator, it becomes again horizontal. If the motion continue, the rod, descending, becomes vertical with the angle downwards. Finally, the rod may again ascend and reassume its first horizontal position, having thus completed a revolution. When the action is very lively, the rod immediately commences a second revolution; and so it goes on as long as the operator walks over the exciting surface of the ground.

It is to be understood that the operator does not grasp the handles of the fork so tightly but that they may turn in his hands. If, indeed, he tries to prevent this, and the fork is only of hazel twig, the rotary force is so strong as to twist it at the handles and crack the bark, and finally fracture the wood itself.

I can imagine you at this statement endeavoring to hit the proper intonation of the monosyllable "Hugh," frequently resorted to by Uneas, the son of Chingachkook, as well as by his parent, on similar occasions; though I remember to have read of none so trying in their experience. I anticipate the remarks you would subsequently make, which the graver Indian would have politely repressed:—"By my patience, this bangs Banagher, and exhausts credulity. The assertion of these dry impossibilities is too choking to listen to. The fork cannot go down in this crude and unprotected state. It is as inconvenient a morsel as the 'Amen' inopportunely suggested to the conscience-stricken Macbeth. Cannot you contrive some intellectual cookery to make the process of deglutition easier? Suppose you mix the raw facts with some flowery hypothesis, throw in a handful of familiar ideas to give a congenial flavor, and stir into the mess

some leaven of stale opinion to make it rise; so, do try your hand at a philosophical soufflé."

*Do manus.*

Then you are to imagine that a current of electricity, or of something like it, may use your legs as conductors, as you walk over the soil from which it emanates, the circuit which it seeks being completed through your arms and the divining rod.

Nothing, then, would be more likely, upon analogy—the extreme part of the current traversing a *curved* and movable conductor—than that the latter should be attracted or repelled, or both alternately, by or from the soil below, or by your person, or both.

And see, what would render such an explanation plausible! Why, the cessation of the rotatory motion of the divining fork, on the operator simultaneously holding in his hands a *straight* rod of the same substance—that is, conjointly with the other—offering a shorter road to the journeying fluid, and so superseding the movable one. Well, the Count de Tristan did this, and the result was conformable to the hypothesis. When he walked over the exciting soil, with two rods held in his two hands, the one a hazel fork, the other a straight hazel twig, no motion whatever manifested itself in the former.

I flatter myself, that if you now continue to disbelieve, the fault is not mine: the fault must lie in your organization. You must have a very small bump of credulity, and a very large bump of incredulity. You must be, actively and passively, incapable of receiving new ideas. How on earth did you get your old ones!—They must come by entail. But you are still a disbeliever!

Bless me! how am I to proceed! I catch at the slenderest straw of analogical suggestion. I have heard that the best cure, when you have burned your finger, is to hold it to the fire. Let me try a corresponding proceeding with you. My first statement has sadly irritated and blistered your belief; oblige me by trying the soothing application of the following fact:—

Although, in general, the divining rod behaves with great gravity and consistency, and looks contemplatively upward, when it comes upon grounds that move it, and then twirls respectably round, as you might twirl your thumbs in a tranquil continuity of rotation, yet there are some—a small proportion only—in whose hands it gibs at starting, and with whom it delights to go in the opposite direction. I say "delights" considerably; for it has a voice in the matter. So that a divining rod that has been used for some little time to go the wrong way, requires further time before it will go round right again.

The Count de Tristan found out the key to this anomaly.

He had discovered that a thick cover of silk upon the handles of the divining fork, like Mr. Fairholm's coating of sealing wax, entirely arrested its motion. Then he tried thinner covers, and found they only lowered, as it were, and lessened it. The thin layer of silk was only an imperfect impediment to the transmission of the influence. Then he tried the effect of covering one handle only of the divining rod with a thin layer of silk stuff. He so covered the right handle, and then the enigma above proposed was explained. The divining fork, which hitherto had gone the usual way with him, commencing by ascending, now, when set in motion, descended, and continued to perform an inverse rotation.

I think this is the place for mentioning, that when the count walked over the exciting soil, rod in hand, but trailing likewise, from each hand a branch of the same plant, (which therefore touched the ground with one end, and with the other touched, in his hand, the magic fork,) the latter had lost its virtue. There is no motion when the ends of the divining rod are in direct communication with the soil. The intervention of the human body is necessary for our result.

Then we are at liberty to suppose that the two sides of our frame have some fine difference of quality; that there is in general a sort of preponderance upon the right side; that in general, in reference to the divining rod, there is a superior vigor of transmission in the right side; that *this difference*, whatever it may be, of kind or degree, determines a current, causes motion, in the unknown fluid, which, in a simple arched conductor, with its ends upon the soil, remains in equilibrium. To explain the result of the last experiment I have cited of the Count de Tristan, no difference in quality in the two sides of the body need be assumed. Difference in conducting power alone will do. Then it might be said, that by covering the right handle of the divining rod, he checked the current rushing through the right side of the frame, and so gave predominance to the left current. One cannot help conjecturally anticipating, by the way, that with left-handed diviners, the divining rod will be found habitually to move the wrong way.

But it will not do *now*, to let this indication of a curious physiological element pass slurred over and unheeded—this evidence so singularly furnished by the Count de Tristan's experiments, of a positive difference between the right and left halves of the frame, as if our bodies were the subjects of a transverse polarity. I expect it is too late to pass over now any such facts, the very genuineness of which derives confirmation, from their pointing to a conclusion so new to, and unexpected by, their observer, yet recently made certain through an entirely different order of phenomena, observed by one clearly not cognisant of the Count de Tristan's researches.

I allude to the investigations of the Baron Freyherr von Reichenbach, published in Wöhler and Liebig's "Annals of Chemistry," and already translated for the benefit of the English reader, and familiar to the reading public.

I take it for granted, Archy, that you have read the book I refer to, and that I have only to bring to your recollection two or three of the facts mentioned in it, bearing upon the present point.

Then you remember that Von Reichenbach has shown, that the two ends of a large crystal, moved along and near the surface of a limb, in certain sensitive subjects, produced decided but different sensations, one that of a draught of cool air, the other of a draught of warm air. That the proximity of the northward pole of a magnet again produces the former, of the southward pole the latter; of the negative wire of a voltaic pile, the former, of the positive wire, the latter; finally, that *the two hands* are equally and similarly efficient, the right acting like the negative influence, the left like the positive, of those above specified. Von Reichenbach came to the conclusion, from these and other experiments, that the two lateral halves of the human body have opposite relations to the influence, the existence of which he has proved, while he has in part developed its laws. And he throws out the very idea of a transverse polarity reigning in the

animal frame. Do you remember, in confirmation of it, one of the most curious experiments which he leads Fraulein Maix to execute; valueless it might be thought if it stood alone, but joined with parallel effects produced on others, its weight is irresistible. Miss M. holds a bar magnet by its two ends. In any case it is sensibly inconvenient to her to do so. But when she holds the southward or positive pole of the magnet in her right hand, the northward or negative pole in her left, the thing is bearable. When, on the contrary, she reverses the position of the magnet, she immediately experiences the most distressing uneasiness, and the feeling as of an inward struggle in her arms, chest, and head. This ceases instantly on letting go the magnet.

I will not inflict upon you more of Von Reichenbach, though sorely tempted, so much is there in common between his Od and the influence investigated by the Count de Tristan. If you know the researches of the former already, why *verbum sat*; if not, I had better not attempt further to explain to you the *ignotum per ignotum*.

And in truth, with reference to the divining rod, I have already given my letter extension and detail enough for the purpose I contemplated, and I will add no more. I had no intention of writing you a scientific analysis of all that I believe to be really ascertained upon this curious subject. My wish was only to satisfy you that there is something in it. I have told you where you may find the principal collection of facts relating to it, should you wish further to study them; most likely you will not. The subject is yet in its first infancy. And what interest attaches to a new-born babe, except in the eyes of its parents and its nurse? I do not in the present instance affect even the latter relation. I am contented with exercising the office of registrar of the births of this and of two or three other as yet puling truths, the feeble voices of which have hitherto attracted no attention, amidst the din and roar of the bustling world. Hoping that I have not quite exhausted your patience, I remain, dear Archy, yours faithfully.

MAC DAVUS

#### SONNET,

ON HEARING THE CLOCK STRIKE AT MIDNIGHT ON THE  
31ST DECEMBER.

BY LEITCH RITCHIE.

HARK! In that dirge-like peal what magic lies  
To move me thus? Unwilling thoughts, that come,  
Like long-laid ghosts from some forgotten tomb,  
Tell me what potent spell hath said, Arise!  
Yet stay awhile, ye dreams that my young eyes  
Once loved to rest on; linger smiles, and tears  
Far sweeter: but the shadow of lost years,  
Mingling with darker clouds, already flies.

So, when a few faint notes of distant song  
Pass o'er the heart of some lone traveller,  
Like sounds he once had loved, the echoes there  
Are straight awakened, that the tones prolong  
One busy moment: soon 't is heard no more,  
And the cold heart is silent as before.

THE Chinese proverb says, "A lie has no legs, and cannot stand; but it has wings, and can fly far and wide."—*Hochelaga*.

NEW CRIES.—'Mexico for the Yankees;' 'Louis Philippe for the Spanish;' and 'England for the Irish.'—*Punch*.

From Chambers' Journal.

## CONQUESTS.

WHEN lately in Ireland, I was, like all other tourists, struck with, and interested in, two things the opposite of each other—one, the surprising number of objects of antiquity, indicating a former age of wealth, literature, and refinement; the other, the absence of all present moral vigor, with a wretchedness the very nearest thing to an entire negation of property and comfort. You see the remains of ecclesiastical edifices with the most gorgeous carvings; stone crosses lying prone in the dust, any one of which would be the marvel of an English county; and in museums you are shown books of vellum, in the ancient Irish character, bound in gold and silver, and ornamented with precious stones, which are said to be worth, in the present day, thousands of pounds. In the collection of the Royal Irish Academy I was shown a copy of the gospels which had belonged to St. Patrick; an almost coal-black little vellum book, that could not be a day less than fourteen hundred years old; and also a similarly antique copy of the Psalms of David, which had been the property of the pious Columba, who went as an apostle to Scotland about the year 563. The eventful history of these literary relics was of course duly verified, and afforded, among other things, room for much melancholy reflection.

Ireland possesses an Archæological Society, whose head-quarters are in Dublin, and which has issued a number of volumes, transcribed from the ancient manuscripts at their disposal. The books are unique as historical records, and reflect much credit on the diligence of the members. Many of these persons are not mere dilettanti archæologists, in patent leather boots and figured satin waistcoats, and whose chatter is of tumuli, mummies, and painted glass windows. In going through the apartments of the Academy, you see old men with wrinkled faces and spectacles poring over ancient manuscripts, each of which looks as if it had lain a thousand years in a peat-moss, and then been taken out and dried before the fire. One thin little man, of a nervous temperament, whose devotions I dared to interrupt, told me that he had spent six months in trying to decipher a single page of St. Patrick's gospels, and that he had succeeded in all but three words in the right-hand corner. "I would give fifty pounds," said the little man energetically, "if I could discover the meaning of these three words." There was archæology!

Besides these precious manuscripts, the museum of the Royal Irish Academy contains a vast collection of gold ornaments of various sizes and shapes; some heavy and massive, others small and delicate, suitable, as it might seem, for decorating the brow of a princess, or the wrist of a child. I was told, however, that these trinkets afforded but a meagre idea of the quantity of objects in pure gold which, from first to last, had been found in Ireland, and transferred to the melting-pots of the Dublin jewellers—coronets, rings, bracelets, and crosiers—realizing large sums to the fortunate finders. It was the first time I had heard of all this, and I was of course correspondingly interested. I now felt that Moore had possessed something more tangible than a vague tradition for his mellifluous lyric—

"Rich and rare were the gems she wore,  
And a bright gold ring on her wand she bore"—  
allusive to a lady of rank who, in a species of Arca-

dian unconsciousness that there was such a thing as evil in the world, wandered about the country respected and unmolested. I left Ireland an archæologist.

The Irish, though possessing no distinct individual history, would nevertheless appear to have been at one period the most learned nation in Europe. Egypt, Greece, Rome, Ireland—these seem to have been the countries in which learning of a refined nature progressively found refuge and repose. The manner in which the civilization of each was in its turn laid prostrate was the same—military conquest. Egypt was in part despoiled by Greece; Greece was similarly despoiled by Rome; Rome was despoiled by the Teutonic nations of the north; and two branches of these nations, the Danes and Anglo-Normans, completed the train of ruination by despoiling Ireland. Since their banishment thence, learning and literature have wandered, as if at random, through all the countries of Europe; but they are now, we hope, too deeply fixed, as well as too broadly scattered, to be again uprooted from their chosen soil.

In this view of affairs, Ireland is to England what Greece was to Rome—the spot whence it derived not a little of its civilization, and which it afterwards maltreated in requital. In a word, and in all seriousness, Ireland is the Greece of the British Islands—a country in which relics of a period of refinement are lying everywhere tumbled about, like mangled corpses on a field of battle; while in the midst of these remains are seen, crouching in mud hovels, the shattered remnant of the conquered people, impoverished, dispirited, and in many features of character demoralized. There is, however, nothing peculiar in their state of debasement. The same thing may be seen any day in fifty different regions of the globe. The wild Indian lights his fire from the branches of the noble alamo, as it intertwines with and enshrouds the royal ruins of Metaseo; (Spain did it.) The Syrian Arab encamps under the shelter of rock-sculptured palaces in the silent glen of Wady Moosa; (Assyrians and Saracens did it.) The Bedouin of the desert tethers his camels in the once splendid gardens of Babylon; (Persia did it.) A naked Fellah, whose last shirt has just been torn from his back for a tax not the twentieth part of a farthing—his only food a handful of dead locusts—shrinks from the bright glare of an Egyptian sun, within the shadow of a mighty propylon, which once resounded with hymns chanted by the priests of Isis, and which, even after two thousand years of decay, is covered with the most exquisite sculpture and hieroglyphics; (Nebuchadnezzar and his hosts, Cyrus and his armies, Alexander the "Macedonian madman," and Saladin the slayer, did it.) The poor downcast Greek of Scios is seen waiting on a luxurious savage, who sits smoking his long pipe, made of the stem of a cherry-tree, amidst the ruins of Delphinium; (Romans and Turks did it.) The Italian brigand, a splendid animal flaunting in pistols and ribbons, leans his carbine on the peristyle of a ruined edifice, now a cow-shed, but once the sumptuous villa of a Roman senator; (the Teutonic hordes of Germany did it.) The Irishman cabins his wife and pig in a sty built from the dilapidated halls of the classic and lordly Tara—(shall I again say who did it?) There are, however, fresher scenes for the archæologist. In a lone valley of Galicia is seen a ruined baronial castle. Its roof is half burnt off; the interior is a blackened and charred vault; and its vacant spectral windows resemble the mouths of a furnace.

What is that moving through the gloomy den, like Christiana in the Valley of the Shadow of Death? It is a woman, a lady nursed in the halls of princes. A dying baby is clasped to her panting and sterile bosom. Her looks are wild; her face is famished, for she has been living a week on wild berries. She is looking eagerly for something. It is for the body of her husband, once the lord of the castle. She describes it, as it lies partially smothered among rubbish. Frantically she throws herself upon it. Her heart is like to burst. Her brain is on fire. God pity her, the last consolation of affection is denied! She cannot kiss the cold lips of him on whom she was wont to look with delight. A week ago the head was cut off, and sent labelled in a sack to Vienna. Rising to her knees, and with outstretched arms, she utters a cry of horror and despair, the last sounds of expiring reason. The shriek rings amidst the charred rafters and through the vacant roof. It is carried up by the angel of Mercy, and reported at the throne of Him who hath declared he shall one day judge the world in righteousness. (Austria has just done it.) We may drop the curtain. Why does not David Roberts give us an immortal work, Pictures of the Ruins of Nations—with their Tenantry? It would be the very epic of painting.

Out of the whole set of adventurers who produced these multifarious disorders, the Romans were, on the whole, the best. They were ambitious, but not cruel; and in all matters of municipal concern, in the countries which they conquered, they were perfectly tolerant and accommodating. All they ever cared about was imperial sovereignty and tribute. The people whom they took in charge might worship what they liked, and live in any way they liked, provided they sent annually to Rome a certain quantity of cash. The Turks were the next best; tribute with them being also the great thing; but they were intolerant and cruel, and smashed all objects of art in pieces. The Danes were a kind of sea Turks; they went about plundering and subduing nations, greedy for tribute, and regardless of what havoc they committed among the fine arts. Out of the whole, the Spaniards have been decidedly the worst. With them, conquest was annihilation. Not satisfied with a military sovereignty and tribute, like their half-ancestors the Romans, they took lands, houses, wealth of all sorts, burnt every record of independence, and finished by taking the people, whom they reduced to the condition of beasts of burden, till every one of them died.

The English, with respect to their conquests, have acted throughout pretty much like the Romans in similar circumstances. They have never meant ill towards any nation which they conquered; they have always at least been full of professions as to taking foreign nations in charge purely for their good. Never were there such lambs of conquerors, if you were to believe their own story. Any one, however, who wishes to get at the truth, must not sit down by the fireside and look into books. He must put his hat on his head, and take his staff in his hand, and go and take a view of the things which books do not speak out upon. Let him, if he is not afraid, cross the sea to Ireland, where he will see as hopeless a coil of confusion as ever was exhibited by any nation ruled by the imperial Cæsars.

Reflecting on what may be observed in an excursion of this kind to Ireland, and at the same time bearing in mind the aforesaid lamb-like character

of the conquerors, we inevitably arrive at the conviction that there is, and must have been from the beginning, something radically bad in the whole conquering process. Can any one imagine what this can be? Let us hazard a guess or two.

In the first place, the acquisition is by violence and injustice. That is just as clear as that the sun is in heaven. A great number of men, very much in want of employment, some of them on horses, and others on foot, land in a strange country which perhaps never before heard of them, and being expert in the use of certain weapons which they carry in their hands, and very powerful, they, without rhyme or reason, all at once begin knocking the people about, and making themselves masters of their country and all that is in it. This treatment being considered somewhat unkind and unreasonable, the people very likely ask what it means. They cannot possibly understand why they should lose their country! In some instances the commanders of the men with the weapons vouchsafe an answer, and sometimes they don't. The Spaniards were always exceedingly polite in answering questions of this unpleasant nature. They came prepared for it. Along with every squad there went a first-rate logician, the pick of the Spanish universities, who, if required, and at a moment's notice, could have proved that black was white, or that two and two made five: nothing came amiss to him. This useful personage never made his appearance till all the party were landed, and the talk about the why and wherefore had begun. Exactly in the nick of time he was introduced, and he took especial care to come forward in a dress which helped materially to mystify his audience. Clearing his throat, he delivered, through an interpreter, a remarkably neat harangue, in which he showed, by a course of history which began at the creation of the world, how the Spaniards were entitled, by every principle in law, reason, and divinity, to take possession of the country. And on concluding his discourse, he never omitted one important particular, which was this:—"My good friends, if you remain unconvinced after all I have said to you, I shall be under the very disagreeable necessity of allowing these gentlemen to do their duty"—pointing, almost with tears in his eyes, to a row of stout fellows on horseback, frowning terrifically through their bushy beards and eyebrows, and handling their long knives as if ready to fall to. This latter argument usually prevailed. Bamboozled and frightened, the unhappy wretches scratched their sun-burnt pates, and with a discontented growl submitted to their doom. The accounts of these interviews are among the richest things in history.

The English, to do them justice, never tried to come over the people whom they wished to conquer in this fashion. They would not give themselves the trouble. Yet, considering what a wise and saturnine people they are, they have done some remarkably odd things; and this brings us to a striking feature of our tableaux. When an agriculturist gets uncomfortably rich on a good farm, he begins to have a fancy to take another, which he understands is to be let a number of miles off, and which he proposes to manage by means of servants and post-letters. This is called in Scotland "taking a led-farm." He accordingly strikes the bargain, which, ten chances to one, turns out a losing concern. The servants are far from being dishonest; they do all they can for their master; still the thing, somehow, won't pay. The ambitious agri-

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culturist discovers his error when too late : he would give the lease of the led-farm to anybody who would take it off his hands ; and as nobody will, it hangs like a millstone about his neck—*till he is ruined*. England on one occasion took a fancy to make a led-farm of Scotland, as she had previously done of Ireland. The way it happened was this. The Scotch having some difficulty in knowing which of two competing princes to choose as king, they, in order not to fight about it, referred the matter to the arbitration of the King of England. This king was selfish and knowing ; and what did he do but get Scotland a good deal into his own hands, on pretence of keeping things in order, and then say that he was the proper king of the country himself. The Scotch, however, would not stand this sort of usage, and the unjust king, with his banditti, each one of whom expected a snap at something good, were at length fain to give up the affair as a bad job. It is, now-a-days, generally felt by the English that it was as well, if not better, that their cunning and avaricious old king did not on the above occasion get hold of Scotland, to make a led-farm of her, for she might have proved another Ireland, and then England would have had two millstones around her neck instead of one. Fortunate escape that was !

Talking of this, and if I am not tiring the reader with these historical portraiture, I may call to mind another escape which the English made from millstoning. When the Normans gained possession of England they still retained their French territories ; and these, by means of fighting, intermarrying, and balderdash sophistry, they contrived to swell out to such a size, that they included the whole of France. Being now kings of France as well as England, they seem to have hesitated considerably with respect to which country they should stay in, and which they should turn into a led-farm. England saw very little of them during these hesitations. At length they decided on setting up housekeeping permanently in England, which always abounded in good butchers' shops, and of making France the led-farm. Having, after many doubts, come to this resolution, they despatched two dukes and a bishop to live in Paris, and do what they could to keep things from going to disorder in their absence. The French were very far from being in a pleasant humor with these delegates, and were constantly telling them to go away home, and threatening their lives if they did n't.

At this juncture a very strange affair happened. A little girl, a quiet, modest, thoughtful creature, who lived near the village of Domremy on the borders of Lorraine, and whose employment was herding sheep, came home one day to her mother and said that she had seen an angel. The little girl had of course been dreaming while asleep, as she lay on the sunny hill-side tending her small flock. However, one of the features of her character was a wild earnestness, which would not admit this interpretation of her vision. She stuck to her story, and insisted that she had seen an angel, who told her to rouse the French nation, and drive away the English. Was ever anything so frantic heard of ! What a notion for a poor little herd lassie ! Her mother and everybody said it was all nonsense ; but the girl would not be driven from her purpose. She went away on a wandering excursion ; spoke to this one and spoke to that one ; and actually had the address to put herself at the head of an army. Long and desperate were the fights which ensued. The English were everywhere beaten ; and the

two dukes and the bishop were reduced to great straits. Enraged beyond measure at the courageous efforts of the little girl, they tried every sort of plan to catch her ; and, by an accidental turn of affairs, they succeeded. Now was the time to do for the maiden of Domremy ! They made short work of her. The bishop proved, by a line of reasoning which very easily convinced the dukes, that the girl was a witch ; and so, being a witch, they burnt her to ashes with a collection of tar-barrels in the town of Rouen ! With what emotions of compassion, horror, and shame—shame for England—have I looked around the square, with its antique buildings, where this fearful crime was perpetrated ! Neither the bishop nor the dukes had a day to do well afterwards. The French rose *en-masse*, and turned them, and every-one who belonged to them, out of the country. Thus was France saved from being made a led-farm, and England once more saved from being millstoned. Another fortunate escape that was !

There are differences in the manner in which conquered countries are brought efficiently into the condition of led-farms. The Spaniards, as has been seen, gave their preaching first, and did their killing afterwards. The English reverse the practice. They begin with the killing, and end with the preaching. Not that they ever want to kill ; it is only people's own blame if they won't be quiet, and so get knocked on the head. True, it is all the same in the end ; but it is satisfactory to go by regular rules. Having got the people somehow or other to be quiet, the next step which the English take is to land three boxes from a ship. These boxes are made up in London by persons who know all about it, for they have had immense experience in the trade. What is imported in these boxes is of the first consequence. Is the reader curious to know what are the contents ? I shall tell him.

In the first box is contained a theodolite, with the entire apparatus for measuring land. In the second box is contained a set of the statutes at large from the reign of Edward I., with a copy of Blackstone's Commentaries on the law of England, and a chief justice's gown and wig. In the third box are found all suitable paraphernalia for the church service. Until these things have been opened out and brought into use, the constitution cannot be said to have begun. The theodolite usually puzzles the natives. While loitering, poor innocents, about their cottage-doors on a sunny forenoon, they are very much struck with observing a man in a stooping posture, who is looking through a strange brass instrument mounted on three wooden legs. First he looks this way, and then he looks that way ; he goes across fields, enters gardens, and pushes through hedges ; and everywhere is he seen looking through that very droll instrument. They cannot make out what he is about ; and they never do make it out till some months afterwards, when they are visited by a man with a red neck to his coat, who tells them to be off, for their lands now constitute Lot 17, Section D, in the third Concession of Bundle-and-go County, and were sold by auction yesterday at seven-and-threepence an acre. They might have bought them if they had a mind ; the auction was duly advertised by the sheriff.

When the French take possession of countries they also bring boxes ashore, but their contents are somewhat different. Roads and land-measuring they don't care about ; and a field-marshal's baton is the sum and substance of their constitution. Still they cannot do without bringing boxes along

with them. These packages are made up in a tradesmanlike manner in a large establishment at the end of the Rue Richelieu. They contain a complete set of the plays of Molière, Corneille, Racine, and Voltaire; a great variety of dresses for mock kings, priests, soldiers, bandits, distressed ladies, savage old fathers, rebellious sons, clever waiting-maids, and so on. And in attendance on the boxes there is a troop of men and women, who are to perform the parts of these personages. A good supply of rouge, pomatum, and moustaches is not forgotten. With all these things the French set up a theatre wherewith to keep them merry in their exile from Paris; and provided they are allowed to do this in peace, they get on pretty well. Outrageous things no doubt they have done, as in Algiers; but it is a universal remark, that no foreign possessions are in the main so kindly treated as those of France; the truth being, that the French do not care a whistle about any country they go to, except to have the glory of calling the country their own, and giving it a taste of the legitimate drama.

Gipsies, thieves, and all other predacious classes have a language of their own, by which they can conceal or treat with levity any crime they commit. Any piece of deceit they call a *lurk*; to thieve is to *prig*. Something of the like ingenuity may be observed to exist with respect to conquered nations. In travelling through Germany, your voiture stops for a short time in a neatly-built, dull town. To stretch your legs, you walk to the end of the street, where stands a great whitewashed palace, with gardens behind it of a superb description. You walk into the gardens, and all through them, but there is nobody there. Flowers are blooming and opening their sweet petals to the sun; but there is nobody there to enjoy their beauty or perfume. A long row of orange-trees, each growing from a green-painted tub, the size of a sugar-barrel, in vain offers the spectacle of its golden fruit; nobody is there to rejoice in the feast. Leaden gods and goddesses, seated in the midst of fountains, are busy spouting water from their mouths, as if their cheeks were like to burst; but not a soul is there to see them—literally no one, except a decayed gendarme with one eye and a wooden leg, who sits by himself all day long under a tree playing at dominoes, his right hand against his left. You come back to the town, and with increasing interest you begin to observe that there is nobody in it. Not a living thing is seen in the street but two broken-hearted hens, which go disconsolately about looking for crumbs, having not been able to scratch up a single particle of food since breakfast time. What a marvellous phenomena! Desperate with curiosity, you hasten to the inn, where stand your horses munching slices of brown bread out of a trough, and you ask Boniface what is the matter; has the town been conquered, and all the people carried away? "Not exactly conquered, monsieur; we have only been *mediatized*. Bonaparte mediatized us one afternoon, when on his way to Russia. It was done, I am told, in seventeen minutes and a half: the document was signed on the top of a bass-drum." *Mediatized*, you afterwards learn, is a slang law phrase, which signifies to be extinguished as a nation, and the country given away to different adjoining sovereignties—a bit to one, and a bit to another. Most of the German states have several times, without leave asked, been cut up, ruined, and handed from one to another in this free-and-easy fashion. The people grumble horribly, to be sure, to be so tossed about; but

what can they do! Perhaps they are nursing up their vengeance!

Whatever be the actual methods of operation, it all comes to this: nations dishonestly taken possession of, like ill-got wealth, seldom thrive. "We may read our sin in our punishment:" so saith the Scripture. "Our pleasant vices make us whips to scourge us:" so says Shakspeare. "Every immoral act contains the seeds of its own dissolution:" so says Philosophy. True, there are examples of military aggression—that INIQUITY of INIQUITIES, of which the world has too long been tolerant—being not unattended with benefit and social happiness to the conqueror as well as the conquered; but in these a new sequence of action is evoked, of which I may afterwards have occasion to speak. Meanwhile I confine myself exclusively to the first or fundamental principle, followed by its usually rude and troublesome consequences. As to what may be inferred from the secondary or healing principle, I need not now further advert to it, than by saying that it is partly embraced in that sublime sentiment of Ezekiel, which forms the opening passage of every Englishman's Book of Common Prayer—"When the wicked man turneth away from his wickedness that he hath committed, and doeth that which is lawful and right, he shall save his soul alive." Here Ireland, that terrible word, rises up in judgment—transgressions committed and persevered in hundreds of years ago, but for which, in the nature of immutable moral laws, there seems to be no oblivion. The only shade of penitential consolation consists in the fact, that the Danes were before the English in the diabolical work of mischief. But for these marauding wretches, what would that beautiful isle of the ocean not have been! Along the whole eastern coast are seen traces of their rapacity. Near Drogheda, on the borders of Louth, the seat of the great mediæval colleges of learning, I crept on my hands and knees into a temple of remote antiquity, and, with candles brought with me on purpose, lighted up a dome-shaped vault of the most interesting construction; which, since its visit by the Danes, has been a scene of the wildest desolation. The ragged carman who acted as guide on the occasion had the Irish Monasticon by heart, and could tell who built, who endowed, who sacked, and who pocketed the rental of every ruined abbey which we passed. Such is Ireland, a country which, I confidently believe, is till this minute not understood by the English. W. C.

From Chambers' Journal.

#### TUTELAGE.

WERE we to ask a hundred men, who from small beginnings have attained a condition of respectability and affluence, to what they principally imputed their success in life, the general answer would be, "It was from being early compelled to think for and depend on ourselves." And, on the contrary, if at all curious as to ruination of prospects, a little inquiry would suffice to show that it was too commonly a result of having acquired no powers of self-reliance—of the whole of youth and part of manhood having been spent in a fatal dependence on others.

This would appear to be one of the unbending laws of nature. Not allowed, or not compelled to exercise itself, the mind becomes feeble, and incapable of independent thought; its proper energies cease to be evoked; and in many respects it is little

better than the mind of an infant. Persons living in morbid indifference to surrounding circumstances, individuals whose whole waking existence is spent in the drudgery of mechanical occupations, and those whose movements are altogether regulated by others, usually possess minds of this emaciated character. Comparing such unfortunately-situated persons to plants secluded from the free action of the sun and atmosphere, their mental capacities may be said to be *etiolated*—robbed of all natural strength and beauty.\*

What is true as respects an individual, is true as regards communities of people, and also whole nations. In Great Britain, at the present moment, there could be pointed out extensive rural districts, and likewise towns, the majority of whose inhabitants are evidently behind the rest of the country not only as respects an alert apprehension of knowledge, but the capacity to think and act according to the plainest principles of morals. A habitual trust in some kind of petty patronage, a reliance on antiquated immunities and advantages, and the want of frequent intercourse with the world, are in these instances the prevalent cause of mental deterioration. Nothing, as is well known, is more common than for persons at elections for members of parliament in certain towns in England to make a trade of selling their votes for sums varying from five to fifty pounds. One town so unfortunate as to be detected in these corrupt practices has lately been deprived of its franchise. It has always, however, been quite impossible to convince the inhabitants of such places that they are guilty of an immoral act. With minds deteriorated and depraved, they are heard to defend what all the rest of the world condemns; and I have no doubt of their sincerity. When to the debasing influence of bribes—as happens with a town of some note which I have in my eye—are added large corporation advantages in the form of patches of land rent-free, the demoralization eats into the very core of society, and produces the most lamentable abasement. Relying on these miserable chances of plunder, and on endowments which may properly be called bounties on indolence, the inhabitants linger out a dreary existence, poor and unenterprising, venal, subservient, and thankless; and, worst of all, deprived of that vigor of intellect which could show them the infamy of their unhappy condition. For persons so diseased there is no hope, unless from an entire change of circumstances. Removed to scenes of mental activity, they may possibly be cultivated into the possession of qualities esteemed by the good and generous. “*Etiolated plants become green by exposure.*”

There are numerous instances in history of entire nations becoming *etiolated*. From being bold, enlightened, and enterprising, they have become timid, ignorant, and inert; from being able to manage themselves, they have come to need some one to think for, to feed, clothe, and defend them, as if they were children. There are other examples in history of youthful nations remaining in a kind of *etiolated* state up to a certain point in their progress, and then, through a conjuncture of circumstances, assuming a healthful and vigorous frame of mind; the rule in these, as in the preceding

class of cases, being the same—mental vigor only where there is full scope for mental exercise. Let us group a few of these various conditions of national character in our tableaux.

Military conquest, as was observed in a previous article, has been the principal agent of national ruin. There has always, however, been something besides. All depends on the sequence of action. Battles, slaughter, devastations in taking possession of a country, do not usually last long. The killing, the smashing, and the pocketing are soon over. A nation exposed to the calamity of conquest, may no more be prostrated by the event, than a man may be ruined by having his house robbed. All, I say, depends on what the plunderers do afterwards. Conquerors take possession of countries for one of two avowed purposes—either to make the new country their home, or to keep it on the avaricious principle of a led-farm. If they design to remain, casting themselves at the same time loose from their previous settlement, the conquest is usually conducted with temper and discretion. “The wicked man turneth away from his wickedness that he hath committed, and doeth that which is lawful and right.” In other words, the victorious party performs an act of clemency and justice. A thorough central management, in which the natives participate, is organized; things gradually clear up; and the people at large, who were at first so much panic-struck, look on the affair as of no serious importance after all. The conquest of England by the Normans finally assumed this pleasant character. William was king in Westminster instead of Harold, and there was an end of it, or nearly so.

It is a very different thing when an invading host retires after it has inflicted its first dread blow, and leaves the country in a subjugated and denationalized condition. From that instant the people, no longer permitted, or called on, to think decisively for themselves, become gradually emaciated in mind—*etiolated*. Their noble faculties wither and die, while subserviency, and many base and pitiful passions, take their place. By far the greater number of conquests have been of this permanently-ruinous character. The Romans always adopted the plan of leaving their conquered countries in the charge of servants delegated from headquarters; at one period they had as many as twenty large states tributary to their treasury, and undergoing this dismal process of demoralization; each state, the longer it was kept, sinking the deeper into a condition of mental imbecility. Readers of history will here call to mind the character of the Britons at the final departure of the Romans, after four centuries of tutelage. From having been a courageous and active-minded race, they had become altogether poor-spirited, and incapable of planning any means of defence or self-government. Such was the abjectness of their situation, that they earnestly implored the Romans to remain for their protection. “Stay, oh stay, to think, to act, to do for us.” A group of children left to shift for themselves could not have presented a more piteous spectacle of incapacity; and the Britons on this occasion were really deserving of pity. They could not be blamed for being *etiolated*. During four hundred years, a period of at least eight generations, they had, from father to son, never been allowed to interfere in public affairs. The Romans had managed everything, according to orders received by letters from Rome, or agreeably to certain laws, of which the Britons had no distinct knowledge, and for which they could entertain no

\* *Etiolation* is that condition of a plant in which all the green color is absent. Such a state is produced by want of light, and is artificially obtained by keeping plants in the dark, in order to insure their being more tender and insipid than is natural to them. *Etiolated plants become green by exposure.*—*Fraser's Dictionary of Science.*

respect. Driven almost out of their weakened senses by the refusal of the Romans to stay or come back to help them, and suffering from the vengeful incursions of the Scots and Picts, they sent an invitation to the Saxons to condescend to come and take charge of them. Never did mendicant pen so humble a petition. The following are the words, as given by a cotemporary historian of some credit:—"The poor and distressed Britons, almost worn out by hostile invasions, and harassed by continual incursions, are humble suppliants to you, most valiant Saxons, for succor. We are possessed of a wide, extended, and a fertile country; this we yield wholly, to be at your devotion and command. Beneath the wings of your valor we seek for safety, and shall willingly undergo whatever services you may hereafter be pleased to impose." What a picture! England crying, "Come, take me!" Poor etiolated Britons! We hope things were quite settled to your minds when Hengist and Horsa put brass collars round your necks, and sold you, as an article of commerce, at so much a dozen!

As the unfortunate Britons on this occasion passed under the yoke of the Saxons, so did the Greeks about the same period, and from precisely the same cause, sink under the thralldom of kindred Gothic tribes. Emaciated in mind, corrupted, and subservient, they no longer showed a vestige of their ancient national character; and, deserted by the Roman power, which had coddled them to their ruin, they became a defenceless prey to the northern invaders. So likewise did Spain, which had cost the Romans two hundred years to conquer, drop with comparative ease into the hands of the Goths. Four centuries as a led-farm of Rome had taken away all pith from its mental composition. And so likewise with Gaul, and other Roman dependencies. Of almost every one of them the same sorrowful tale may be told. They all went on well enough so long as their Roman masters held them in charge; but no sooner had the proconsular governments been withdrawn, in consequence of a general derangement of affairs at home, than each submitted itself to the keeping of tribes of energetic intruders. According to the accounts of historians, the Roman provinces became the prey of Teutonic races, in consequence of an effeminacy of manners introduced from Rome, and also from the East. Historians, in presenting this reason for the dismemberment of the Roman empire, wrote according to the philosophy of their times. A better knowledge of social economics, and of the working of the human faculties, now tells us that luxury and refinement are not always causes of national degeneracy. Rude conquerors, abandoning themselves to unaccustomed indulgences, will no doubt lose their original character, as was the case with the invaders of Italy. The same explanation, however, will not suit the class of cases to which we allude. In these, the *primary* source of ruination, as I apprehend, lay in the emaciation of the people's minds, from lack of proper exercise. Kept in a state of tutelage, and disheartened by conquest, their nobler faculties were repressed, and only the meaner class of feelings and appetites found scope for indulgence. Hence the universal ruin which ensued on the withdrawal of the Romans. The parallel was everywhere complete. In all the countries which that great nation acquired by conquest, there was finally found a mean-spirited, shuffling, and slavish population. Jew, Greek, Spaniard, Gaul, and Briton were all

alike modified by differences of race. Every one of them was less or more etiolated. There can be nothing more clear, from the uniformity of these facts, than that delegated national managements are invariably demoralizing, and effect more permanently-disastrous results than the first crash of rapine and military conquest.

As the world now stands, it would not be difficult to select countries suffering under an enfeebled state of intellect chiefly from the influence of despotic or delegated managements, both equally overshadowing and injurious. What example more remarkable than that offered by the whole of modern Germany. From this vast region issued the great and impetuous hordes which overran the Roman provinces, and imparted a solid foundation to many European states. After a lapse of fourteen hundred years since the occurrence of these events, we in vain seek for a remnant of the valor, once the terror of the world. Fruitless would be the search for the slightest resemblance between the ancient Suevi, Alemanni, Saxons, Vandals, Lombards, Franks, and other great Teutons—the races, in short, among whom our own liberties were cradled—and the etiolated modern German nations. First subdued by Charlemagne, himself a Frank, and afterwards, in detached portions, passing under the thralldom of his less magnanimous successors, they have finally shrunk into insignificance, and been lost to honorable European history—a hundred millions of people in a state of tutelage, stifling the recollection of a great name in the fumes of an odious narcotic, heard talking of liberty only at inglorious tavern brawls, and with every action watched over and regulated by a crew of moustached barbarians. Such is Germany, only the less etiolated because of its naturally vigorous mental constitution. How humiliating the spectacle which greeted the sight a few years ago in the "free" city of Frankfort—cannons loaded with grape-shot pointing down the main street, and ready to be fired by a mixed Prussian and Austrian guard. An incomparable receipt this for national etiolation.

If desirous of seeing a few living specimens of mental deterioration, arising in no small degree from delegated management, the late Spanish dependencies in Central America will at once present themselves to our imagination. In these distant possessions the native races were barbarously annihilated, and the tributary states were peopled entirely by adventurers from the mother country. These settlers were by no means of inactive mental habits, and yet their descendants in Mexico and elsewhere have latterly proved their incompetency for independent national management. Ruled for centuries by a deputed and despotic authority, their attempts at self-government are among the most laughable things in modern history. Ignorant, idle, and quarrelsome, they would appear to be only waiting for a transatlantic Hengist and Horsa to put collars round their necks. And considering the manifold iniquities of their ancestors, who can pity them? Who also can entertain the smallest compassion for Spain, in this instance the great head-quarters of transgression? How startling for the present age to be called on to witness the punishment of outrages committed centuries ago by Cortes on the unoffending Montezuma!

Carrying our eye northwards along the American continent, we are presented with a lesson of another kind. Seventy years ago, Britain owned a number of dependencies facing the Atlantic, the seat of a peaceful and industrious population. Governed on

the led-farm principle, there cannot be a doubt that the inhabitants would in time have become etiolated, and unfit for any independent line of action. A strange piece of mismanagement, however, on the part of the mother country, saved them from this disaster. One day in the year 1764, an aged military gentleman presented himself to an assembly of notables in these distant settlements, and communicated orders to the following effect, in answer to certain remonstrances previously sent to the mother country:—"In the first place," proceeded he, "you, the people of this led-farm, are not in future to buy any article of manufacture whatsoever from any country but England. Secondly, you are not to sell any of your produce to any country but England. Thirdly, all the articles you buy from England shall pay a tax before you get them. Fourthly, you are not to manufacture a single article yourselves, in order that English tradesmen may not be cheated of your cash. Fifthly, these, and all other arrangements, according to statute made and provided, must be submitted to without inquiry or interference; for, gentlemen, it is my duty to tell you that you have literally nothing to do with the laws but to obey them." This oration, though uttered with all the becoming dignity of a courtier, and although followed by an inspiring anthem from a regimental band, failed to have that weight which the venerable and too-confiding speaker anticipated. Those addressed had been for some time in the course of etiolation, but not being much gone in the disease, they took upon them to resist the proposed arrangements as unconstitutional. A good deal of haranguing, brawling, and fighting ensued; and the end of it was, that the aforesaid notables never stopped till they had turned out of the country all the old colonels and broken-down men of fortune who had been sent to govern and etiolate them. After that, the people bought and sold as they liked, manufactured what they liked, and managed their public concerns as they liked. Thus was insolence properly punished.

Without feeling any very decided prepossession in favor of the descendants of these contumacious Americans, it is impossible not to see that their minds are anything but etiolated. Two or three of the neighboring states, which accidentally continued as led-farms at the great upbreak, have to all appearance got far into the etiolated condition; but beyond the early stages of the disease the Americans never went; and if anything be wrong with them now, it is an over, not an under, activity of brain. I repeat, they may not be a people with many qualities to be admired; but, considering what they have done in seventy years, merely from being left to the untrammelled exercise of their own faculties, they may be allowed to have some grounds for boasting. In these seventy years, they have achieved greater things than they could possibly have attained in a thousand under the deadening influences to which they were originally exposed. How fortunate for human progress, how fortunate for Great Britain, their escape from etiolation!

Was it fortunate for us? No historical event was ever more so. Nations conducted at a distance, and under delegated management, cannot, in the nature of things, fulfil the ambitious desires of their owners. Providence would seem to have set a limit to the capacity of hired service, in order to check inordinate aggrandizement. Were it otherwise, the world would long since have realized the idea of universal empire. An Alexander, a Charlemagne, or a Napoleon, would have been king of all

the kingdoms of the earth. The dishonesty, however, the petty selfishness, and other failings of delegated servants, not to speak of the varying contingencies of human affairs, will ever prevent this catastrophe. But, independently of these preventives, there is one which in itself would keep all extravagant expectations in check; and that is, the prescriptive burden which every nation imposes on itself, by dishonestly attempting to make another nation pay it tribute, either in the form of direct money contributions, or in a forced and unnatural course of trade.

A judicious father of a family endeavors to cultivate a power of self-reliance in his children; and having done his duty in this respect, he leaves them to themselves when the proper time arrives for their setting up on their own account. After this, the relationship is one of affection only. Why should nations act differently with respect to their conquests or offshoots? The true course of policy for nations of the paternal order, should consist in getting their dependencies as quickly as possible into a condition for managing their own affairs on a principle of growing nationality and independence; while their treatment of them in other respects ought to be of that generous and confiding nature which would leave on both sides a feeling of affectionate relationship. And all this, not because it would be best on economical grounds, but because it is preferable from moral and ulterior considerations. Nations should learn that they are not, any more than individuals, exempted from the obligation of acting honestly and disinterestedly; that they cannot outrage nature and fixed laws without incurring the penalties of transgression.

Again, in closing these tableaux, does that terrible spectre, IRELAND, rise to oppress the imagination. What a noble country might it not have been, if exposed to a different course of circumstances since the period when it shone a star of light in an age of mediæval darkness! But regrets are now vain. All the archæologist can do, is to wander amidst its glorious ruins, and search for traces of a refinement which centuries ago was laid ruthlessly in the dust. And must he not, in performing this classic and mournful pilgrimage, ponder on the transgressions of his ancestors, and fear that the sins of the fathers will be visited on the children even unto the present remote and guiltless generation? If such be the doom, what an ending to an ignoble chapter of history—the most stupendous example of retributive justice which the mind of the moralist could conceive! An everlasting marriage of Intelligence to Imbecility—Truth to Falsehood—Industry to Sloth—Peace to Turbulence—Riches to Beggary—Life to Death! Let us drop the curtain, and hide the appalling spectacle. Not so, however, can we extinguish that maniac shout whose echoes linger dolefully in our ears—"Why did you take me!—why did you keep me!—why did you demoralize me, and unfit me for self-reliance! Now that my mind is gone, and I am in a state of idiocy, I shall cling—cling—cling to you forever!"

THE India rubber tree, which grows on the island of Lobos, is quite a curiosity to our troops. A writer describing one says: "It here attains the height of 25 feet; the branches strike down to the earth, take root, grow, and become bodies to the tree. We saw one which was cut down that had 31 trunks. The milky juice flows out in quantities upon the least wound being made through the bark."

## ITALY AND THE CARNIVAL.

From the Atlas.

Rome, Feb. 16th, 1847.

WE have lost an illustrious prisoner of state—Don Miguel, of Portugal—who has been watched by the police since the papal government recognized the right of his niece to the throne she succeeded him on. He was permitted to reside in the environs, from whence he went down to Practica in an English officer's travelling carriage, and embarked on board a vessel which lay off for him. Where he went, no one knows. Most people think that the English government had a hand in his escape; and I should not be surprised if it was planned by Mr. Freeborn, her majesty's consular agent—for, since the days of "Bluff Harry," England has had no minister here. The lion of the day is Mr. Cobden, the great free-trade advocate, to whom Count Arundell persuaded the Roman nobility to give a dinner on the 10th. The old Marquis Potenziani was in the chair—toasts were drained to the health of Queen Victoria and Pius IX., nor was a speech lacking from Mr. Cobden, which seven persons present understood! Dr. Pantaleone translated it, however; and the Italians were informed that, if they would throw open their ports to British manufactures, England would receive the spare wheat of the Papal states—which, by the way, she has been glad to take for the last ten years. He did not say that letters from Downing street, that very morning, had beseeched the pope not to prohibit the exportation of grain from Ancona, but dealt out large doses of what Sam Slick called *soft sodder*, with his hand upon his heart. According to him, England was as much indebted to Italy for the revival of its commerce and manufactures, as for its arts and letters. "Her trade is of Italian birth, her ledgers are posted on the Italian model; and that street of busy London, 'where merchants most do congregate,' retains its Italian name of Lombard street."

The festivities of the Carnival commenced on Saturday, the 6th, when the great bell of the capitol pealed forth permission to the Romans to indulge in frolicsome riot. The senators and governor of the city, escorted by a large civil and military force, marched to the notes of a fine band through the *Corso*, consecrating it to the masquerade. The houses on either side were decked with rich draperies, beautiful women occupied their balconies, and a double file of carriages slowly circulated from the *Piazza di Venezia* to the *Porta del Popolo*, going on the right, and returning on the left hand side of the pavement. The fine regiment of *carabinieri* kept them in order, reserving the open space in the centre of the street for the ambassadors' carriages. The French legation came out in full gala, with three four-horse carriages, and servants in dress livery—the cheering of the populace, as it passed, showing that they appreciate the exertions of Louis Philippe to seat a liberal pope upon the chair of St. Peter; while the Austrian ambassador (who patronizes the Jesuits) did not dare to make his appearance. A writer in the *Roman Advertiser* gives the following animated description of the gay scene:—

"The masks, after the first few days, became more general, and assaults must be expected from such as deem this mode of acting up to their part appropriate, though nothing serious is allowed to result by the vigilance of the guards, who take all under their protection. Sometimes young damsels,

armed with besoms, will lay about them in a very Amazonian style; and at others, the pedestrian may encounter a ghost, dressed in a white sheet tied over the head, who will obstruct his path, and skip about like a will-o'-the-wisp, (an idea of embodying the spectral not peculiar to these individuals; see the ballet of 'Macbeth,' where Banquo's ghost behaves in the same way.) At times, a lawyer will appear, with documents and briefs, threatening processes, and recounting a terrible catalogue of offences to some poor innocent. One mask, called *Quequero*, is very frequent, dressed in silk or velvet, ample embroidered waistcoat, little hat, large perruque, very fat cheeks, and small, round eyes, with a considerable corporation. (If this is the Italian idea of the sect called Quakers in England, it is certainly an imaginative one.) These gentlemen play the old beau; walking on tiptoe, and peeping into carriages through huge black rings, instead of eye glasses. If they meet each other, they perform several jumps, and make a shrill sound like *bri*, which is sometimes repeated, like a vocal telegraph, from one end of the *Corso* to another. The masks of country girls from Frascati, etc., Neapolitan fishermen, and other such nationalities, are among the most picturesque. Splendor, buffoonery and extravagance have no limits: nothing that has reference neither to religion, nor the government, is prohibited.

"The only mask at all approaching to the practical pasquinade we ever heard of, is one described by Goethe at the time the obelisk was being erected on the Pincian Hill, opposite the Church of Trinita de' Monti. The public had looked disapprovingly on this, because the piazza was already narrow, and the pedestal disproportionately large; the mask, therefore, bore a huge white pedestal on his head, inscribed with large letters, and a little red obelisk overtopping it, like the tuft of a night-cap. The Puleinelli sometimes choose a king, give him a crown and sceptre, and mounting on a gay wagon conduct him in triumph, with loud shouts, along the *Corso*. Coachmen generally dress as women, with as much of curls and trickery as possible: whilst carriages become the general property of all who can get into them or climb on the dickies; in the open ones two damsels, selected for their beauty from the rest, will be often seated, so that their entire persons are seen, the feet on the cushions; then will be heard, *O, quanto e bella!* on all sides as they pass along. These carriages of maskers used formerly to be filled with mythologic or allegoric groups, as they still are at Cologne, (a town which, before the Reformation, rivalled Rome in the splendors of its Carnival.) In the side streets, where, compared with the *Corso*, things are quieter, will sometimes be got up a mock tragedy; high words used, daggers of silvered pasteboard drawn, and women rushing between with screams and dishevelled hair, to divide the combatants—in the same spirit with a game amongst Italian children, called *Chiesa*, when one impersonates an assassin taking refuge in the portal of a church, from the pursuers, who devise every means to catch him without violating the sanctuary. About half an hour before sunset, a mortar is fired, the signals of clearing the street for horse racing. The starting post is the *Piazza del Popolo*, where a kind of amphitheatre is formed before the obelisk, with raised seats on three sides. The horses are brought in, in number from 7 to 14, decked with ribbons and plumes, and are driven forwards by means of balls with steel points, which beat against their

flanks; they are without riders, but the instinct of the creatures gives them the spirit of competition sufficiently. The race terminates by means of a canvass awning stretched across the end of the street, at the part thence called *Ripresa de' Barberi*, the horses being styled *Barbery*, though in reality Roman. The prizes, consisting of a banner of cloth of gold or silver, called *Pallio*, and the sum of from 30 to 80 crowns, are awarded by a deputation of the senate, who sit in a balcony near the goal. The winning horse is led home with martial music and acclamations, and the banner displayed in front of the owner's house. As the season advances, the *fureur d'amusement*, the grotesqueness, splendor and absurdity continually wax greater, and the showers of *bonbons* (some real, some only plaster) that, as well as flowers, descend in every direction, till carriages become whitened as by a snow storm, dresses often terribly damaged, render it necessary to safety to protect the face by a mask, those of open wire-work being best for persons who do not otherwise disguise. But everything is eclipsed by the intensity of the last day, when to make the most of the expiring Carnival, its pleasures are drunk of deeper and deeper, the intoxication rises to its climax, and at last come the *Moccoletti*, its funeral but gayest celebration. Then, as soon as the race (repeated every evening) is over, not a creature appears in the streets, in carriages, at balconies or windows, without wax tapers, the words *senza moccòlo, fuorai moccòlo!* reëcho through the Corso, and the object of everybody is to put out everybody's light, when *senza moccòlo* is the cry of derision that greets the unfortunate from all sides, if his taper has been extinguished, till he can contrive to light it again. Nothing could exceed the strange picturesqueness, the confusion and brilliancy of the scene: some bearing bundles of tapers at the end of poles almost as high as the houses, some pyramids of light on their heads; women standing up in carriages, holding their tapers at arm's length to be safe from assailants; at times an audacious one climbing into a balcony, and fantastically dressed ladies defending the battlements against the besieger. On the evening of the *Moccoletti*, when the ferment is highest, the first hour of night rings, and all is over in an instant."

Everything passed off without the least disorder, and the gay crowd described above might have been seen devoutly kneeling on Ash Wednesday morning, to receive on their foreheads the sign of the cross, marked in "bitter ashes." "*Dust thou art,*" said the priests, "*and unto dust shalt thou return.*" The twinkling feet of Carlotta Grisi are no longer to be seen at the opera. Torlonia gives no more balls, the sight seers have gone to Naples, (though they will return ere Holy Week,) and nothing is to be seen in the Corso but processions of *penitents* clad in long sackcloth robes, with holes for the eyes to peep out from. The first noblemen in Rome are often sentenced by their confessors to don this sepulchral costume, and beg from door to door until they have received a certain sum. When a man has thus walked about all day to gain a few dollars, he is very apt not to refuse to contribute to those who afterwards solicit from him. All the receipts go of course into the priest's coffers—an ingenious way of filling them.

The new pope continues to win favor from all, often perambulating the city in a simple priest's robe, to relieve deserving cases of distress, and heading public subscriptions with liberal donations; that for the sufferers in Ireland, for instance, he headed with a thousand dollars. Railroads will soon be constructed throughout the papal states. Rome is to be lighted with gas, and the ancient *mistress of the world* may under his government recover a respectable position among her former vassal cities. The Jesuits are furious; many even fear that they will take an open stand against this reform, and say to the pope as they did to Queen Elizabeth, "As far as concerns our society, we, all, dispersed in great numbers throughout the world, have made a league and solemn oath that as long as any of us are alive, all our care and industry, all our deliberating and councils, shall never cease to trouble your calm and safety. They have recently leased as a country seminary the palace of *Ruffinetta*, (the ancient Tusculum of Cicero,) belonging to the widow of Charles Felix, King of Sardinia.

Newly converted English Catholics and hesitating Puseyites abound, and we have a few from the United States, one of them a talented young man from Massachusetts, who will be a powerful auxiliary. I have not the least idea that the "successor of St. Peter" will ever leave the halls of the Vatican for the valley of the Mississippi, but the *Propaganda* are sending over a large recruiting force. A Mr. Melcher, vicar general of Missouri, is collecting German priests for the diocese of Bishop Kendrick, of St. Louis, and I understand that a detachment is soon to start from the south of France for the new diocese of *Walla-Walla*, in Oregon, "established," says a Roman paper, "under the protection of President Polk, who has pledged himself to permit none but the True Faith in the conquered provinces of Mexico!" Thirty young ladies are now educating at the seminary of the *Sacre Cœur*, for the express purpose of teaching in the United States, nor should those who commit their daughters to the charge of this talented sisterhood forget that it is at their convents that so many conversions to Catholicism take place. What is worse still, the order is under the thumb of the Jesuits, who keep it up for the propagation of their peculiar doctrines, and are thus aiming at the control of the future mothers of America!

The statistics of the Catholic church recently published by the Archbishop of Thessalonica, secretary to the Propaganda, show that it numbers:—In Europe, 108 archbishops, 469 bishops and 125,000,000 members. In America, both North and South, 12 archbishops, 60 bishops and 26,000,000 members. In Asia, 25 archbishops, 4 bishops and 1,200,000 members; and in Oceania, 2 archbishops, 5 bishops and 300,000 members.

I have again covered my sheet without saying a word about the American artists here, though I had better perhaps have devoted it entirely to a notice of their works. Mr. Terry is executing the numerous orders he received when in the United States last year, and continues to win a place in the hearts of all his countrymen who come here, by his kind attentions and artistic counsel. Mr. Crawford has just completed a bust of his wife, which maintains his reputation—but I must postpone my criticisms for a future letter.

From the Spectator.

# SUGAR PRODUCTION IN THE BRITISH COLONIES.

OUR attention has been requested for a scheme, set forth in the prospectus of the British West India Company, which not only holds out trading advantages for the promoters, but professes to advance great public interests. The plan is put forward by persons of information and intelligence; and we think that it merits consideration, as tending to further, more or less, the interests which it professes to serve.

The West Indies have been placed in a most anomalous position, first by the existence of slavery, with a complicated commercial system, compounded of prohibition and protection; and next by the abolition of slavery, and the application of free trade to sugar, without any adequate preparation for either change. The general results are, that, with a supply of labor calculated on data of slavery and its compulsory employment, with protection withdrawn and restriction continued, the West Indians are obliged to compete with slave-holding countries in a perfectly free trade. That condition of things is too unjust to last.

The relation of colony and metropolis, no longer based upon exclusive commerce, must have some basis, and must with all diligence be made to rest on surer foundations. The colonies, forced to endure free trade, must enjoy its advantages. The trade in labor is gradually deprived of its arbitrary restraints, and we are glad to see that at length ministers have determined to remove the prohibition against conveying free laborers from the Kroo coast; the "difficulties" of the excise must be overcome, so as to admit sugar for distillation and brewing in this country; and the duties on rum and home-made spirits must be equalized. Let the official departments afford facilities, and the natural advantages of the West Indies—their fertile soil and geographical position, their guarantee of British laws, so favorable to property and trade, their access to British resources of capital and intelligence—will do the rest.

Unreclaimed from its primitive condition, the sugar-culture presents a confusion of employments. On each estate are carried on the several processes of growing the canes and making the sugar. This mixture of occupations is common to all the sugar-producing countries; but the West Indies are an exception to most of those countries, in being deprived of slave-labor—an exception to all industrial communities in having been debarred from a free access to the labor-market. It behooves them, therefore, to make good their position by the utmost possible improvement of their resources; but the system which keeps agricultural and manufacturing processes in the same hands evidently tends to prevent improvement, and in practice is found to do so. The system is attended by other drawbacks of the nature of joint cause and effect. By preventing improvements, by complicating the account of profit and loss, it keeps out capital; and the want of sufficient capital, again, helps to prevent improvement. Now, there is no reason why this system should be kept up, except the *vis inertiae* of custom.

That custom the British West India Company, a chartered body, proposes to invade, mainly by establishing factories for the making of sugar. This would itself extricate the manufacture from the confusion of employments by which it is at present overlaid; at the same time relieving the agricultural business

of growing sugar-canes from the incubus of a comparatively rude manufacture. By combining in one central set of premises the manufacture from the materials of a considerable district, perhaps six or eight large estates, it would enable the company to employ superior skill in every department; the distillation would be carried on in a more economical manner; with attention concentrated on the manufacture, improved processes would be suggested at every turn, just as they are in Lancashire; for it would be a mistake to suppose that even the "perfected" methods of British manufactures do not receive incessant improvement; there is an unceasing succession of improvements applied to every part of the complicated machinery and processes; not a brush, not a crank, not a belt nor a coal-barrow, but is surveyed by the most watchful eyes, to see if profit cannot in some way be gained, by somebody, through suggesting improvement however slight. The test of the improvement is profit. Combined labor, highly concentrated attention, clear accounts of profit and loss, are the life of manufacturing advancement; and they would all be gained by dividing the manufacture of sugar from the agricultural employment of growing the canes.

Relieved from the exigencies of the manufactory, the agricultural processes would receive a corresponding advantage from undivided attention; and we should see improvements which nothing but the fact of having too much to look after and to do on each estate could have delayed so long. For instance, to give full effect to the advantage of concentrating the manufacture, tramways will soon be laid down by the occupants of estates, to convey the canes speedily and cheaply from the several farms; for the juice must be expressed as soon as the canes are cut.

Hitherto these improvements could not be attempted. The British Parliament thought fit, first to enact that their colonies should send *all* their exported produce, whether wanted or not, to the mother-country, and then to prohibit them from sending it in a purified state, by imposing a duty of *eight guineas* per hundredweight upon all sugar refined. This prohibition being removed, last year, by reducing that duty to a proportionate rate with the impost on raw sugar, various schemes have been encouraged for forming central works of the kind which the British West India Company contemplate. The sugar will be prepared at once in a purified or refined state; and in addition to the other advantages of combination, the loss of 10 or 12 per cent., which has hitherto been occasioned by the drainage of Muscovado sugar during the voyage, will be saved.

The specific changes will lead to others more remote, and broader in their social effects. Very small properties, subsisting by virtue of a muddling method, will probably be sold and consolidated with other farms. The "planter" will cease to look for profits on his sugar, and will depend solely upon his cane profits; perhaps eventually becoming, not the absentee planter with an agent, but the landowner with a tenant, and receiving not "profits," but "rent;" a far safer and surer income for an absentee. Perhaps the tenant may be a black, making his slow and sure way to the class of proprietors, and personally vindicating the capacities of his race. The history of each investment being cleared from the present confusion, capital will flow in; as we see, through this company, it already begins to do by anticipation.

From the Journal of Commerce.

## A FOREST FUNERAL.

I HAVE been several times on the point of writing you about Sunday in the forest, but have each time forgotten my intention, or had too much else to say. There have been many scenes of worship in which I have taken part, or which I have witnessed. I have seen the ignorant worshiper of senseless images, and the formal worshipers of the pretended real body of the Crucified, present in the bread of the Host. Nay, I have heard the solemn cathedral chant when thousands knelt and prayed, and have heard the *Miserere* in the solemn Passion night thrill through the soul of countless waiting worshipers. But I never felt so near to God and near to heaven as on the bank of the river on a calm Sunday morning, when the thousand voices of the forest were united in a hymn. There is a melody in running water that is never imitated or equalled by any art: and there is a strange harmony between the sounds of running water and rushing wind and singing birds and the voices of the various wood animals, that all together make up the morning song of the forest when it wakes to praise the Infinite.

How slowly and silently the dead leaves drop one by one into the water from the listless branches! The branches themselves bend and sway up and down and back and forth as if with life; for it does not seem that any wind is blowing, but the trees lean over as if to see their own shades a thousand times repeated in the rippling river, and reach their arms down toward the glittering surface, as if loving, and longing to lie in the cool clear bed.

Some of them have fallen. Yonder is one that has lain for four, yes, six years, to my knowledge, in that same position—and every year, at the same time, I come and sit here and watch that long branch swaying backward and forward in the swift current. Once, while Willis and I sat here, he saw a mink's head rise above the water in the eddy below the trunk, and his rifle ball, true to his unerring aim, cracked the small skull at this distance, and it is not less than a hundred and twenty yards. But that was not on Sunday, and I am now speaking of the forest Sabbath.

We had one long and weary and somewhat unsuccessful expedition last fall. We made our calculations to go through the whole hunting district in the course of six days, and reach the river ten miles below our cabin on Saturday, so that we might attend church there—or rather hear preaching, in a log schoolhouse, from a clergyman who once a month visited the small settlement. We worked hard during the week, and we were not sorry at dusk on Saturday to sit down in the comfortable frame house of Col. —, who is the owner of some thousands of acres in that immediate vicinity. The schoolhouse in which services were to be, is beautifully situated in a grove of oaks, on a point around which the river bends and runs rapidly with a lulling sound. Did you ever notice how different the voice of a river is in passing different scenes? Up in the gorge above, it is wild, and rages as if angry with the rocks it meets, and its voice is like the voice of a roused warrior. But here it goes slowly and sedately by the little "oak schoolhouse," as it is called, and would seem to linger as if loving the quiet scene.

It was nearly midnight of Saturday night that a messenger came to Col. —, requesting him to go to the cabin of a settler some three miles down

the river, and see his daughter, a girl of fourteen, who was supposed to be dying. Col. — awoke me and asked me to accompany him, and I consented, taking with me the small package of medicines which I always carried in the forest. But I learned soon that there was no need of these, for her disease was past cure.

Leaving the house, we descended to the bank of the river, and stepped into a canoe that lay in an eddy, and seizing a pole flattened at one end for a paddle, Col. — pushed the slight vessel out into the current, and we shot swiftly down. I have described so many night scenes that I forbear giving you this. You may imagine the scene if you choose, as I lay in the bottom, and he used now his pole and now his paddle, to guide the bark in the rapids.

"She is a strange child," said the colonel; "her father is as strange a man. They live together alone on the bank of the river. They came here three years ago, and no one knows whence or why. He has money, and is a keen shot. The child has been wasting away for a year past. I have seen her often, and she seem gifted with a marvellous intellect. She speaks sometimes as if inspired; and she seems to be the only hope of her father."

We reached the hut of the settler in less than half an hour, and entered it reverently.

The scene was one that cannot easily be forgotten. There were books and evidences of luxury and taste lying on the rude table in the centre. A guitar lay on a bench near the small window, and the bed furniture, on which the dying girl lay, was as soft as the covering of a dying queen. I was, of course, startled, never having heard of these people before; but knowing it to be no uncommon thing for misanthropes to go into the woods to live and die, I was content to ask no explanations, more especially as the death-hour was evidently near.

She was a fair child, with masses of long black hair lying over her pillow. Her eye was dark and piercing, and as it met mine, she started slightly, but smiled and looked upward. I spoke a few words to her father, and turning to her asked her if she knew her condition.

"I know that my Redeemer liveth," said she in a voice whose melody was like the sweetest strain of an Eolian. You may imagine that the answer startled me, and with a few words of like import I turned from her. A half hour passed, and she spoke in that same deep, richly melodious voice:

"Father, I am cold; lie down beside me"—and the old man lay down by his dying child, and she twined her emaciated arms around his neck, and murmured in a dreamy voice, "Dear father, dear father!"

"My child," said the old man, "doth the flood seem deep to thee?"

"Nay, father, for my soul is strong."

"Seest thou the thither shore?"

"I see it, father; and its banks are green with immortal verdure."

"Hearest thou the voices of its inhabitants?"

"I hear them, father; as the voices of angels, falling from afar in the still and solemn night-time; and they call me. Her voice, too, father—Oh, I heard it then!"

"Doth she speak to thee?"

"She speaketh in tones most heavenly."

"Doth she smile?"

"An angel smile! But a cold, calm smile. But I am cold—cold—cold!—Father, there's a mist in

the room. You'll be lonely, lonely, lonely. Is this death, father?"

"It is death, my Mary."

"Thank God."

I stepped out into the night, and stood long and silently looking at the rushing river. The wife of a settler arrived soon after, and then the colonel's excellent lady and her daughter, and we left the cabin.

The Sabbath morning broke over the eastern hills before we reached the schoolhouse again. But never came Sabbath light so solemnly before. The morning service in the schoolhouse I have not room to describe now, for I have taken more time and space than I had any idea of.

As evening approached, a slow and sad procession came through the forest to the little schoolhouse. There with simple rites the good clergyman performed his duty, and we went to the grave. It was in the inclosure where two of Col. ———'s children lie, a lovely spot. The sun was setting as we entered the grove. The procession was short. They were hardy men and rough, in shooting jackets, and some with rifles on their shoulders. But their warm hearts gave beauty to their unshaven faces, as they stood in reverent silence by the grave. The river murmured and the birds sang, and so we buried her.

I saw the sun go down from the same spot, and the stars were bright before I left it—for I have always had an idea that a graveyard was the nearest place to heaven on this earth; and with old Sir Thomas Browne, I love to see a church in a graveyard, for even as we pass through the place of graves to the temple of God on earth, so we must pass through the grave to the temple of God on high.

W. W.

[We copy the following wise and timely admonition from the New York Tribune.]

#### CASH AND CREDIT.

We know how little avails mere expostulation against fixed habits or modes of transacting business, so long as no gigantic and palpable evil induced by such habits or modes is pressing on the public attention. Still, as every voice, however lonely or feeble, has some share in making up or modifying the imposing aggregate known as public opinion—as by the continual dropping of gentlest rill the hardest rock is ultimately dissolved and worn away—so may our unwearied remonstrance against the present character and extent of mercantile credits prove ultimately of some avail. At all events, our convictions in the premises shall be faithfully obeyed.

That the present system of selling goods on credit from the city to the country, and from the great centres of importation to the lesser emporiums of a state or other region, as well as from the retailer to his customers, is deplorably loose, expensive and unstable, need hardly be reiterated. That it has been somewhat modified and restricted within the last ten years is freely admitted. Still, the expensive and cumbrous machinery whereby our merchants seek to secure themselves, imperfectly at best, against losses by the insolvency of their customers; the frequency of calamitous failures, even in times of general prosperity; the necessary enhancement of the cost of all articles thus made the basis of hazardous speculation; and the inevitable tendency and temptation to overtrading and

reckless expenditure—these and many more considerations forcibly urge the abandonment of our system of mercantile credits. It must be evident that the one hundred and odd millions of dollars' worth of foreign wares and fabrics, with the probably at least equal aggregate of domestic goods, exchanged through the agency of mercantile dealing for the products of the soil, can only be afforded to the consumers under the prevailing system of credits at a much larger average price than they would cost if the goods produced in any year were exchanged for the agricultural staples of that year instead of the next. Precisely how much is the excess paid we will not undertake to say; but that it must amount to many millions per annum no man who reflects can doubt. And who is seriously, permanently benefited by this?

There never was a time when the desired change could be effected so easily as now. Owing to the universal scarcity in Europe, and the presumed diminution of the cotton crop here, the staple products of our national industry have commanded and still command extraordinary prices. The increased market value thus given to the staples of our agriculture cannot fall below one hundred millions of dollars. Now, as our farmers have hitherto been the indebted class, the purchasers of most of the goods consumed on credit, why should they not come to a general resolution to use the surplus proceeds of their last crop in getting out of debt to the merchants, and thereafter keep out? Would not this greatly diminish the cost of their wares and fabrics henceforth? Would it not benefit all classes, except, perhaps, sheriffs and their deputies, officers of courts, and a class of lawyers who could serve the public more effectually in some other vocation?

We know well that any reform which may be effected in this department must be the work of time and struggle, and in part of bitter experience. Now, when the requisite change could be most easily effected, the larger number will not think of it because they are at ease and seem prosperous; by-and-by, when the evil day shall have come, they will think they cannot accomplish it because circumstances are so unpropitious. But let the wise anticipate the evil day, and if the unwise will not, they must abide the consequences. If one half the business of the country throughout were done on the cash basis, the other half would commit suicide in the course of a few years, and trade then glide naturally into a sound system. The evil is formidable because it is so nearly universal.

We need not repeat that we are in favor of credit and the credit system. Let the contractor, the drovier, the miller, and whoever is engaged in forwarding the produce of the country to market, pay cash in all cases, and let the banks and capitalists loan the money to do it with men of tried integrity and responsibility. Let men of means lend to those who legitimately need; but do not let merchants who require the ready command of all their resources, trust the bulk of them out in loose credits of three to twelve months to those who ought not so to run in debt, thus compelling the farmer to incur debts to importers and jobbers in turn. Cash payments and small profits would be better for the honest and solvent on all sides—we speak from experience both ways. Fewer goods might be sold, but more would be paid for than now; there would be fewer merchants and inconceivably fewer bankruptcies in trade. We say this with no thought of commending those

traders who profess to sell only for cash; we know any merchant will sell cheaper for cash than he can afford to do for credit, however undoubted. Buy anywhere, but buy for ready pay, buy only to the extent of your ability, and all must go well.

From the United States Gazette.

## HINTS FOR WIVES.

"OBEDIENCE is a very small part of conjugal duty, and, in most cases, easily performed. Much of the comfort of a married life depends upon the lady; a great deal more, perhaps, than she is aware of. She scarcely knows her own influence; how much she may do by persuasion—how much by sympathy—how much by unremitted kindness and little attention. To acquire and retain such influence, she must, however, make her conjugal duties her first object. She must not think that anything will do for her husband—that any wine is good enough for her husband—that it is not worth while to be agreeable when there is only her husband by—that she may close her piano, or lay aside her brush, for why should she play or paint merely to amuse her husband?—No—she must consider all these little arts of pleasing chiefly valuable on his account—as means of perpetuating her attractions, and giving permanence to his affection—she must remember that her duty consists not so much in great and solitary acts—in display of the sublime virtues to which she will only be occasionally called; but in trifles—in a cheerful smile, or a minute attention naturally rendered, and proceeding from a heart full of kindness, and a temper full of amiability."

In looking over a late paper, I meet with the above *valuable* hints on the duties of wives to their lords, pointing out the mode in which they were to secure, in the husband, the chivalric devotion which had characterized the lover. The most infallible specific, or the one most strongly insisted upon in rules of this kind, is a "smiling countenance." No matter what a wife's annoyances may have been during the day, her countenance must be always wreathed in smiles on the approach of her husband.

Being one of those fortunate individuals, who have hitherto escaped the noose, I have had leisure to give these subjects that profound reflection which characterizes those situated like myself.

"For if there's anything in which I shine  
'Tis in arranging all my friends' affairs,  
Not having of my own domestic cares."

It has often occurred to me, therefore, that it was rather singular that all this good advice should always come from one side. How is it that there are so few guide-posts to point the way to innocent young gentlemen, who have recently submitted their neck to "the noose and the halter?" Why is it not oftener insisted upon, that the husband should always return to his fireside with a smile, and endeavor to soothe the perturbed spirit, that has for hours been subjected to the thousand annoyances of the nursery and the kitchen?

There is many an unfortunate Mrs. Rogers among my acquaintance, with "nine small children and one at the breast," who need all the soothing tenderness erst bestowed by the lover, to enable them to forget the troubles so wearing to the nerves—by the way, it has sometimes occurred to me whether it was not Mrs. Rogers who was the

*martyr*, and honest John a most fortunate individual, to get so well "out of the scrape," of being obliged to make adequate provision for the filling those *ten* small mouths, and the clothing those *ten* small bodies.

Compare for a moment the lot of husband and wives, in what is called a "well-regulated family;" the former takes his seat at the breakfast table, where his taste and comfort has been silently consulted, so far as is practicable—on his wife devolves the care of preparing the "nine small children" to take their seats there also, and in some degree of regulating their conduct. Breakfast ended, the husband goes forth to his workshop, his counter, his counting-house or his office; greets pleasantly his acquaintances by the way, and passes the day among the every-varying scenes of every-day business life. The wife, meanwhile, amid incessant clamor, must renew the treadmill task of yesterday—must wash the same faces, make the same beds, sweep the same rooms; must give directions for the succeeding meals, and perhaps assist in preparing them; must settle disputes in the kitchen, and quarrels among the nine fallen little sons and daughters of *her Adam*—and amid all these occupations must find occasional moments to "stitch—stitch—stitch" the innumerable garments needed in a family.

Let her look to it, according to the sapient and oft reiterated advice above alluded to, that she gets through all this in time to clothe her harassed and care-worn visage in those "wreathed smiles," so indispensable toward maintaining the good-humor of her liege lord. He too has had troubles to encounter, for from trouble no one is exempt—but not of that petty, harassing kind, that are wearing away the spirits and the life of the partner he has chosen.

Night comes—the husband finds the repose so much needed, to enable him to meet the unavoidable cares of to-morrow, and sleeps as quietly as "the babes in the wood," while the wife starts at the slightest noise, to minister to the comfort of the restless inmates of the trundle bed and the crib, all of whom are sure to be astir at the earliest dawn, and demanding the immediate care of the mother, who rises weary and unrefreshed, again to go through the same routine—truly she *should* smile! whether she always *can* is a debatable question. I insist therefore, that the husband should have a full share of the advice so lavishly bestowed on the wife.

Until a better state of things can be brought about, I am firmly resolved to continue

AN OLD MAID.

THE "Monitor" of the city of Mexico, of the 25th January, contains an article with the following title: "EXTRAORDINARY BULL FIGHT TO RAISE FUNDS FOR THE NATIONAL WAR." The article says that the fight was given by the regiment of Hidalgo. After describing the procession to the arena and the appearance of the spectators, it goes on to state that—

"The first bull was then let loose, and in the centre an effigy of a North American was presented to him, in order that it might be attacked, but it was saved for the second bull, when three more similar effigies were added, which, during the fight, were attacked one by one, and being provided with powder and other combustibles, they were set on fire and formed artificial fire-works, which excited universal acclamations."

From the Journal of Commerce.

# CORRESPONDENCE FROM MEXICO.

We have been favored with the following letter from an officer of the U. S. army in Mexico, to a relative in this vicinity. Although it contains no news, properly so called, yet the descriptions of scenery and incident are so beautifully drawn, that they cannot fail to interest the mind of every reader.

Victoria, Mexico, Jan. 14, 1847.

I wrote you from Camargo about the 6th of Dec. last. On the 7th I left Camargo for Montemorellas. We were accompanied by a regiment of volunteers, together with three companies of the 2d infantry. Camargo is situated on the San Juan, the highest point of navigation, so that our communication with the Brazos is attended with much difficulty. All letters are sent to Camargo by an express, which has to run the chance of being cut off by the enemy. Montemorellas is one hundred and eight miles from Camargo. It is situated in the interior of the country, at the base of a stupendous chain of mountains. The country is inhabited throughout by the race of Mexicans termed the *Rancheros*, which term corresponds to that of farmer. During the first five days of our march the route lay through a sterile country, thickly infested by prickly-pear, and a stunted growth of thorn-bushes. We marched generally from sixteen to eighteen miles per day, and encamped about three o'clock every evening on the banks of some stream, near which were situated ranches or farm houses, where could be procured milk, eggs and chickens in abundance. The Mexicans seemed very friendly, and frequently brought provisions to the camp. It was hardly possible to believe we were marching through a hostile country. It seemed more like a pleasant excursion through some of the western states. We had Mexicans for guides and for teamsters. They also supplied cattle and corn for the baggage train. The poor creatures have been so much oppressed by their own government that they seem glad to have the American troops among them. Their own troops rob and oppress them, while ours remunerate them at the market price for everything taken. They say that the American troops are "*mucho buenos*," (much good,) while their own they term "*mucho malo*," (much bad.) The way that *volunteers* are raised in the Mexican army denotes at once the character of the government. A party of four or five hundred lancers surround a few peaceful habitations, choose from them some of their most able-bodied men, bind them, and march them off as recruits to the most glorious Mexican army. Gen. Ampudia threatens with the punishment of death any one who shall assist the American army—yet wherever we have passed, the whole country has supplied us with whatever we required.

About the sixth morning after leaving Camargo we came in sight of the mountains. When I saw them first they appeared like heavy thunderclouds, and I could hardly believe they belonged to the earth, until, as we approached nearer, I saw their peaks illuminated by the sun far above the clouds, which seemed to clasp them about the waist like a belt of gossamer. The country as we approached Montemorellas seemed a perfect garden. Fields of waving corn and sugar-cane stretched as far as the eye could see. Groves of orange, citron and lime trees lined the road, and flowers of a thousand

hues variegated the landscape, while irrigating streams turned artificially from their mountain courses, and winding through the vales, gave to them the appearance of perpetual verdure. On the morning of the 17th Dec. we entered Montemorellas. Col. Riley had previously arrived there with five companies of our regiment. He was encamped in the "plaza," or public square. The houses are built of stone, with flat roofs, and every night previous to our arrival the companies had remained under arms on the tops of the houses, expecting an attack from the Mexican lancers, who had vacated the city on the appearance of the American troops. Our friends seemed right glad to see us. They had no artillery, and it was reported that some six thousand Mexican troops were in the vicinity. After we had encamped, I went out for the purpose of taking a look at the city. The church is a splendid building, containing a chime of bells, any quantity of silver candlesticks, and graven images as large as life of the Virgin, our Saviour, and several of the apostles. Some of the living pagans, apparently lost in thought, were kneeling on the marble floor, earnestly gazing upon some of the painted deities which were suspended from the walls. Leaving the temple, I walked along the paved streets for a half mile. The houses presented an antique appearance. Many of them were built of stone, and the windows guarded by heavy iron grating, behind which every now and then I caught a glimpse of a dark-featured senora. Montemorellas contains about seven thousand inhabitants. The streets are very regular, and the suburbs one mass of orange, lime, and lemon trees. On returning to camp I found it enlivened by an additional force from Monterey. Gen. Taylor with his staff had also arrived, and it was reported that we were to march immediately to Victoria, where a Mexican force was said to be assembled. Victoria is about two hundred miles from Montemorellas, in the direction of Tampico. Our men, being very weary with their recent march, expected to remain some days at Montemorellas for the purpose of recruiting their energies. But in this anticipation they were disappointed. An order was issued at tattoo for the whole force to hold itself in readiness to march at daylight in the morning—not however to Victoria, but to Monterey. An express had arrived in the evening from General Worth, stating that the enemy was in front of his position, and an attack was daily expected from him.

Gen. Worth was stationed at Saltillo, about sixty miles beyond Monterey. We commenced packing up, and the next morning the whole army was "en route" for Monterey, where we arrived on the third day of the march. We encamped at a beautiful walnut grove, and I mounted my horse and went to take a survey of the captured city. The entrance to it was over a stone bridge, upon which is a beautiful statue of the Virgin Mary. Passing the bridge, I entered one of the long, narrow streets which leads to the public square or "plaza." The houses upon each side bore marks of the recent conflict. How, on earth, our troops could have entered the city, defended as every street was, by cannon which swept the whole length of it, is more than I can tell. One would think they would have mowed down an army of a hundred thousand men. Yet our troops did take it, and as I entered the magnificent "plaza," I saw the American banner floating in the vicinity of the gorgeous cathedral. The "plaza" was crowded

by American troops, and the public square presented a varied scene worth coming to Monterey to look at. I entered the church where they were celebrating high mass. The smoke of the burning incense was almost suffocating. Many Mexican women were kneeling before their favorite saints, and the air of holy mystery within contrasted strangely with the scene without, where all was turmoil and excitement, amid the vendors of the world's goods and the glittering masses of reckless soldiery. The church at Monterey is the third in affluence of all the churches in Mexico. That at Saltillo is, however, more wealthy, and one of the churches at the city of Mexico is more affluent still. The jewels alone which adorn the statue of the Virgin, are worth a dukedom. The roof of the church at Monterey is surmounted by a large dome, and the Gothic spire contains a splendid chime of bells. One of these bells was broken by a cannon ball, during the bombardment by the Americans, at the taking of the city. Leaving the cathedral, I proceeded through several of the principal streets, although a drizzling rain prevented me from taking a critical survey of the premises. The houses, as usual, are built of stone, with flat roofs. They have no glass windows, but, in lieu thereof, iron gratings, which give a palace much the aspect of a prison. The better portion of the inhabitants dwell in the upper story of their buildings, and I caught the glance of many a dark-eyed senorita peeping behind the lattice at the "Americano," as my horse lazily paced along the flinty pave. Returning to camp, I passed what is termed the *Black Fort*. It is an unfinished cathedral, and behind its columns were placed the cannon which did such murderous execution upon our troops. One or two regular companies occupied the temple, but a short period since in possession of the Mexican troops, and the frowning batteries as I rode by them, seemed to have caught a deep gloom, invested as they were by the shadowy night, and the cold grey mist which partially curtained them. On arriving at camp, I learned that the order of march once more was countermanded. Col. May had just arrived from Saltillo, bringing the report that the Mexicans had made a false demonstration. It was considered a *ruse* on their part, in order to draw the army from Victoria, whither Gen. Quitman had been sent a few days previous with quite a small force, consisting chiefly of volunteers. Considerable anxiety was felt for his safety, and we were ordered to retrace our steps immediately to Montemorellas, on the route to Victoria, our original destination. The troops were nearly tired out. We buried two men before leaving, in one grave, without a shroud or coffin, and leaving three of our officers sick at Monterey, commenced a forced march back to Montemorellas. One of my men died just as we left Monterey, and another in the wagons on the route. Many of the remainder were sick, had worn out their shoes, and their feet were covered with blisters. But behold us again on the march! We must hasten to the support of Gen. Quitman, it being distinctly understood that the Mexicans, if once they get the upper hand, will give no quarter. Our troops are too far in the interior to attempt retreating, so that a reverse would compel them to fight or die.

The weather changed on the morning that we left Monterey, and in lieu of rain we had beautiful sunshine. On the 3d day after leaving Monterey, we arrived at Montemorellas, and encamped

about five miles beyond, on the road to Victoria. Beyond Montemorellas the country was beautiful—the same succession of orange groves and flowers. On the night of the 25th, we encamped early, near a beautiful stream at the base of the mountains. Towards evening I felt lonely, and left the camp. It was as hot as in July. I seated myself on a rock overlooking the stream, and thought of my birth-day and home, and the distance that parted me from all I loved. At dark, on regaining the camp, I discovered I had lost my stock. I had taken it off and laid it upon the rock, but on returning to search for it, it was not to be found. I mention this little circumstance, because it was the only memento of my birth-night. On the night of the 30th we encamped near a pretty little village, called "Ville Grande," where I was detained in the evening on a picket guard. All day on the 31st we remained at the encampment to be mustered. The ensuing night was very sultry, but about midnight I was awakened by the flapping of my tent, and in another moment it was blown down over my head. The wind had shifted to the north, and blew a gale. It was dreadfully cold, and there was I sitting undressed, with my tent over my head almost stifling me. I called some of my men to the rescue, and they liberated me. Towards morning the same occurrence was repeated. I almost thought it was ominous, it being the commencement of the New Year. New Year's morning I was ordered to leave the column, and with my company to take charge of the baggage train, which always moves in the rear. This duty is not particularly pleasant, as one is not only responsible for the safety of the train, in case of attack, but he is obliged, in case of accident to any one of the wagons, to remain with it until it is sufficiently repaired to move forward. The consequence is, that the rear guard frequently arrives at camp four or five hours after the column. However, I thought if we did not get to camp so soon as the others, we should have an opportunity to take a *rest* occasionally on the road, which luxury being seldom allowed to those constituting the main column, was by us the more appreciated. About eight o'clock, A. M., the last of the mule teams having started, I put my company in motion. The day was excessively warm, and as I trudged along on foot, in rear of the train, I felt but little of that elasticity of mind, which is usually experienced at the thought of "a happy New Year."

On the contrary, during the whole day my reflections were of an order somewhat melancholy. Our march during the forenoon was over hill and dale, sometimes through a thicket of tangled chapparal, and again over an eminence from which could be distinguished the far head of the moving column—the glitter of its arms flashing occasionally through the foliage, as the extending flank wound around the base of those mountains which we seemed *forever* approaching. Towards evening, however, "a change came o'er the spirit of our dream." Descending a deep declivity, we entered a narrow pass, both sides of which seemed fringed with evergreens. Most beautiful was the foliage of any I ever beheld. It was *excessively* green. The live oak with its spreading branches overshadowed the path, and the white flower of the wild olive contrasted with the red hue of the honeysuckle, which breathed fragrance around us. Innumerable parrots on their variegated wings hovered over head, blending their hues of yellow and green with the burning colors of the red bird, while the varied strains

of the mocking bird, floating around us, conveyed to the ear of fancy an invitation to repose. Upon our right, through the crowded foliage, were discerned the flashes of the mountain stream, and its loud musical roaring added another incentive for the weary one to sleep. It seemed to whisper in the voice of nature's music, "Rest, soldier, rest!" But ere the sound was *accredited*, the heavy lash of the rancheros reminded us that the ever lingering ox-teams were hard by, and resuming their arms, our weary men bade adieu to this little paradise, ere night to encounter, perhaps, the torrent or the storm. Unfortunate was I! The horse which had borne me faithfully from Camargo, had become "hors du combat." He had been so *hard pressed* by a Mexican saddle, that he had become, as our Yankees would say, "good for little or nothing." Consequently, *sans* saddle and bridle, he was led by a halter behind the company wagon. Although somewhat wearied, it was my resolve to keep in advance of the company. Belonging properly to the infantry arm, I was determined to exhibit in my own person, that an infantry *officer*, if required, could march as far as an infantry *soldier*. When the train arrived at camp, however, quite late in the evening, I was sufficiently weary, and my feet were blistered to such a degree that it was painful to walk. Our camp was situated a short distance from a small village which we passed at twilight. It lay, as usual, on the opposite bank of a river, and our weary men were obliged to wade through a torrent in order to reach it. Many rumors had been afloat during the day in regard to the vicinity of the enemy. It was even said that he had attacked Col. May, of the dragoons, who had been ordered to join the column by a circuitous route from Monterrey, and had cut off a portion of his squadron. Having placed a guard of three sentinels to watch the wagons, I laid down to enjoy a few hours of repose, notwithstanding the report to which I have just alluded. During the night our sentinels hailed a body of troops ascending the hill. At the first hail I thought it was the approach of the enemy, but it proved to be the squadron of Col. May. The rear guard had been attacked, and a portion of it taken prisoners. Col. May had lost also part of his baggage. The enemy had surprised his rear guard, which, it seems, was beyond supporting distance, and rolled masses of rock upon the men as they moved along the base of a precipice. A novel mode of attack, and one which would require more than a cuirass of steel to guard against.

On the morning of the second Jan., the main column, at day-break, was again in motion. After it had left the encampment, and while the immense train of wagons were preparing for departure, an opportunity was presented for the purchase of a horse, which, after my recent experience of the pleasures of marching, I assure you, was seized with avidity. The horse was rode by a Mexican, who asked only sixteen dollars for horse, bridle, *lasso*, and all. The animal was a beautiful pacer, about three years old, and the bridle, the most fantastic of anything of the kind I ever saw. It had no *bit*, but in lieu thereof a noose formed of hair, beautifully ornamented, with black tassels of the same material. A woollen band of variegated hues, superbly embroidered, supplied the place of the usual head-band of leather, and silken tassels of yellow and green, depending therefrom, contrasted gracefully with those of dark hair below. I examined the bridle with much curiosity. It was evidently the handiwork of Mexican women. None

other would have had sufficient patience to expend so much labor at such small profit. Having closed my bargain, I faced my little poney in advance of the men, and while the wagons were toiling up a rugged declivity, I turned from the road to examine some ruins embodied in a thicket, on the right of the path. Masses of fallen columns were scattered through the chapparal, and the extent of the ruin seemed to indicate the position of a castle of large dimensions. A portion of its turrets were still standing, but the original boundaries of the pile were only marked by its remnants of decay. A few half-clad Indians were seated in the shadow of the moss-covered walls, eating *tortillas*, and seemingly utterly unconscious of the interest with which I contemplated this barbaric memento of other days. It was here, perhaps, that some princely retainer of the haughty Montezuma once held his lordly revels. Yonder crumbling columns were mute witnesses of the banquet, the dance, and the barbaric song. How many Castilian maids may not have danced to the music of the castanet along yon time-worn pave, while a thousand "Candalas" poured their rays from those fretted lattices, now fringed with eypress vine and ivy. The gorgeous pageant passed before me. I heard the echo of the mountain horn; again the softer music of the castanet, and involuntarily, while gazing on the sparkling sandal, my hand kept time to the sound of *tinkling feet*. How long I should have remained absorbed in the contemplation of these pleasing idealities, I cannot say, had not the resounding cries of the mule-drivers recalled me to a sense of my real existence, and then it was I became sensible that my companions were phantoms of the past, existing but in the fervid imagination of a wanderer's dream.

All day we marched with the baggage wagons through dust which silvered our locks with the insignia of premature old age. Towards night, my company, instead of a troop of athletic men, seemed more like a veteran corps of grey-beards. As I looked at them, I was reminded, for all the world, of Byron's prisoner of Chillon when he exclaimed, "My hair is grey, but not with years." Ours, however, was "the romance of real life." The dust of Mexico is of a nature most *impalpable*. It comes over one's face, hair, clothes, everything. It is in vain that one goes through with the customary ablutions at morning. After a turn or two, it is dust again. At noon bathe the face, dry it with a napkin, still it is dust. At evening repeat the purifying process, and you are sure to recline upon your blankets with the satisfactory consciousness of being as dusty as ever. Most truly may it be said of each and every one of our forlorn companions in arms—"Dust thou art, and unto dust thou shalt return."

As the sun was sinking behind the mountains, we entered a little village which possesses one of the prettiest gardens in Mexico. The army had preceded us by some hours, and the officers on their arrival had been politely invited by the owner of the grounds to regale themselves under the fruit trees of his "*hacienda*." They spoke in glowing terms of the delicious refreshment afforded them in the way of oranges and bananas, with which the trees literally were loaded. A wall, a quarter of a mile in extent, inclosed the premises, which presented one glowing mass of tropical verdure. The value of the fruit was computed at six thousand dollars. I understood it was to be culled, put up in baskets, and transported for sale to Tampico.

On the morning of the 3d January I was relieved from the disagreeable duty of guarding the train, and joined the main column just as the notes of the stirring bugle proclaimed the advance. Slowly and majestically the column moved forward, with the flying batteries in front, should any danger occur on the route, ready to tell, at a moment's warning, that "the flag was still there." They were the same batteries which had spoken in terms not to be misunderstood, upon the fields of Palo Alto and Resaca de la Palma; and as I remarked the long and glittering line of infantry which supported them in the rear, I felt a *sweeping* consciousness of the power of the American arms. Had Santa Anna disputed the march with his reported twenty thousand men, I had perfect confidence that he would be driven back before our bayonets, like chaff before the wind. A feeling similar to what I possessed, seemed to prevail in the breasts of all. Whatever may be the odds, the flag of the stars and stripes may not be defeated—its course is "onward," and its bearers and defenders have yet to learn the art of military strategy which teaches them to *retire*. We encamped early, about eight miles from Victoria, towards which for so long a period we had been approaching. All idea of resistance from the place had been removed by an express received therefrom, which stated that the Mexican troops had retired, and the city was in quiet possession of the American force which had preceded us. This news was a great disappointment to many of our regular "men at arms." They begin to think, (to make use of an expression which I chanced to overhear,) that "we can't get up a fight no how we can fix it." Poor fellows! Wait till we approach another *Monterey*, where your enemy is concealed behind bulwarks, and you will have an ample opportunity afforded of showing how "true hearts never quail."

*The main column with Gen. Taylor entered Victoria on the morning of the 4th Jan., 1847.*

As the troops filed through the principal streets on the way to their encampment, two miles beyond, but a small portion of the inhabitants were seen in the "plaza." Little or no curiosity was displayed to see the moving pageant, unaccompanied as it was, by "the pomp and circumstance of *glorious war*." Most of the buildings in front of the "plaza" were occupied by the volunteers, who had taken *bloodless* possession of the city. Why this place should be called "Victoria," it is beyond the powers of my imagination to conceive. It is a fifth-rate town, containing about five thousand inhabitants. The buildings are of very ordinary character, and the church, compared to that of Monterey, is scarce worthy of the name. The only object worth noticing is the cemetery, which is situated on the outskirts of the town and is surrounded by a durable wall. Inside of the enclosure is a small tabernacle built of stone, the front of which is open to view, but guarded from approach by tasteful iron railings. Peering through the lattice-work, I could discover the semblance of an altar, over which were suspended lamps, and in the back ground was faintly depicted an image of our Saviour. The whole fabric is not of larger dimension than the space usually allotted to the priest in the vicinity of the Catholic altar. For what especial service the edifice was constructed, I was at loss to determine; but have since been told it was used as a place of prayer for the *souls of the dead*. On the whole I was much disappointed with the appearance of Victoria, and am quite con-

tented to sit down in the camp from which I am addressing you this very long letter.

Gen. Scott has arrived in Mexico, and we expect to march in a few days to Tampico, there to be consolidated with the troops arriving from the north, for the purpose of storming Vera Cruz, or the redoubtable works of San Luis de Potosi. The general opinion is, that a joint attack will be made by the land and sea forces on the Castle of San Juan de Ulloa, or Vera Cruz, the commander of which has sent to Gen. Scott his *proudest defiance*.

While I am writing at this moment (which is midnight) a bright fire is burning from the top of the mountain which overlooks our camp. It is no doubt a signal fire of the enemy. The mountain is over 3000 feet high. And now farewell, with kisses for yourself and sisters.

*Extract of a letter from another Officer of the Army, dated "on board ship Massachusetts, off Lobos, 27th February, 1847."*

The troops of the expedition under General Scott against Vera Cruz are rapidly assembling at this rendezvous—a tolerable anchorage under the Island of Lobos, about three miles from the coast, and near sixty below Tampico. The general is making his arrangements with great system; his orders are clear and precise, and entire success is due to and must follow his efforts. He has been delayed, to his great annoyance and vexation, by want of transports for the troops, and the non-arrival of the siege train and ordnance stores; but enough are up to justify the movement, which will not be delayed many days. The troops are in good heart, and will do the work up in handsome style. If opposed in force, you will hear of a brilliant operation. If allowed to land without opposition, we shall still have warm work to carry the town and castle—but it will be done in the most approved manner. We are looking anxiously for the doings of Congress at Washington.

The prospect of peace seems to fade away; and if we are to remain in Mexico and fight it out, we hope for legislation favorable to army interests, and such as shall encourage officers and men to stand up to the work.

I have until very lately hoped for peace; but the obstinacy of the rulers of this ill-fated land seems to preclude the hope, and it seems to be our destiny to wage a protracted war against the interests of both countries, and contrary to the views of the most enlightened and patriotic men in each. There is something wrong at the bottom of public affairs in Mexico. Ever since Iturbide usurped absolute power, there has been a constant succession of struggles for ascendancy among the military leaders, with no other apparent object than the acquisition of power for personal aggrandizement, without any regard whatever to the rights of the people or the well-being or prosperity of the country.

The effect is seen in a universal retrogradation of all interests throughout Mexico. The working the mines, formerly so immensely productive, has been measurably abandoned on account of the insecurity of property; agriculture and the arts have both declined from the same cause; many public edifices and private dwellings are falling into ruin; former plantations are running waste; the people are semi-barbarians, and the whole country is on the high road to ruin. The time will come when the Anglo-Saxon race, laws, language, and productive energy, will spread over the whole country,

and make it what nature designed it to be, one of the fairest portions of the earth. But the time has not come for that thorough regeneration. We must have peace, and fill up somewhat our own borders, and then we shall spread over this region as water flows down hill. We shall not conquer by mixing blood, but this race of mongrel Castilian, Indian, and a sprinkling of African, will disappear before us, as the Northern Indian race has ever done.

From the Spectator.

#### POLITICAL PROGRESS OF PRUSSIA.

KING FREDERICK WILLIAM has at last given his subjects a hold on the real handle of power—the purse-strings. He has not yielded them up completely, but the Prussians have the tip-end in their hands; and by combining discretion, firmness, and adroitness, they will attain the rest. In order that they may fully understand what is latent in the germ of power so tardily bestowed, and may develop it as perfectly and felicitously as possible, it becomes important for them to consider what *they* can do—what it is within *their* power to dispose of, and what should be the next step that they take. Speaking as fellow-citizens in the community of free Europe, with active practical experience in the working of a monarchy limited by popular representation, Englishmen may venture to suggest a hint for the use of the youngest in the number of free countries.

There is one institution among us that has been established by no charter, which subsists entirely by usage and the approval of the nation, and yet which forms so essential a complement of limited monarchy, that it may be accounted the only effectual means of reconciling the institution of royalty with popular representation. It is “ministerial responsibility.” A foreign politician, acquainted with English politics only through literature, and not in their practical working, may not be fully aware of the nature of this unchartered institution of ours; and as we write at this moment for German readers, we may be excused a few words of explanation.

With us the sovereign chooses his ministers. Parliament deals, not with the sovereign directly, except to exchange compliments of form, but with the sovereign's ministers. The ministers may be treated with a freedom which would be embarrassing if not hazardous in the case of the sovereign. To obtain the concurrence of Parliament, notably to obtain funds, the ministers *chosen* by the sovereign must *satisfy* the Parliament. This is ministerial responsibility; and, however simple the institution may be in its nature and in its tenure, it has the most important results. It reconciles the utmost freedom of popular action with the sacred character and safety of the sovereignty.

It shields the monarch from all collision; guards him not only from the consequences of his own mistakes, but even prevents him from making mistakes. As long as he finds ministers to do his behest, as long as they induce Parliament to fulfil their plans of action, all goes well. If Parliament dissents from a plan proposed, its refusal is made, not to the sovereign, but to the ministers. If the project be really practicable, the king finds abler ministers, who reconcile Parliament to it. If it be impracticable, the sovereign discovers his mistake by the fact that he can find no ministers to undertake the task of urging it. Hence the paradoxical

maxim of our constitution, that “the king can do no wrong.” He may contemplate wrong—of that Parliament can know nothing; but if wrong is *done*, there must have been ministers to do it, and they are the wrongdoers. Theoretically they are responsible with their heads; but in practice such a gage of responsibility is quite obsolete: the refusal of Parliament to concur in carrying on the government is sufficient enforcement of responsibility; so effectual, indeed, that no ministry ever awaits the actual occurrence of such a refusal, but voluntarily ceases to exist on the first signs of it. This institution will be seen to act as a perfect shield for the sovereign: had it been complete in the days of Charles the First of England, he would not have lost his head; were it now thoroughly understood and observed in France, much embarrassment and hazard would be saved to all the estates of that realm.

It permits, with perfect safety to all other institutions, full freedom of popular action. When public opinion in this country is matured on any particular measure, the nation is always able to accomplish its purpose, by refusing, through its elected Parliament, to concur in carrying on the government with any ministers except those who are prepared to comply with the national opinion. Such a process, of course, is totally incompatible with changes that are sudden or conceived on a partial impulse; however the newspapers may talk about faction, aristocratic or democratic, it is by itself positively impotent in this country. But the process is so suitable to deliberately-matured improvements, that the constitution of the representative chamber was thoroughly remodelled by the reform bill, with readjustments also of the relation between that chamber and other parts of the government; and further movements affecting the national polity and constitution are now going on in deference to the national opinion and in anticipation of the more tardy but clearly foreseen national action. Such, indeed, is the tendency of modern politics in England—to avoid all violence and contest by accommodating the conduct of public affairs to the growth of public opinion. In no other country are changes so effectually accomplished with so little waste of exertion—with so much sparing of loss, or even mortification, to any class—with such perfect safety.

Now, this ministerial responsibility, which is the key to all these beneficial combinations, is a thing quite within the reach of any people possessing a hold on the purse-strings. The national representatives have simply to intimate, gently but firmly, gradually but progressively, that they will concur in carrying on the government only with those ministers that act to the satisfaction of the national council, and the institution that completes representative government is *ipso facto* established.

#### POPE-BAITING.

THE Animal's Friend Society of London has claimed the patronage of Pope Pius the Ninth; though why they should assail that busy personage we do not know—unless it is that they address him as the author of *bulls*, under some misapprehension imputing a zoological character to those creations of the vicegerent. Or perhaps they take him, with equal error, for one of the many “Innocents” that have ascended the papal throne? However this may be, they hold up to him the example of “that great legislator” Mr. Martin. They also enlighten

their new pupil on the origin of crime: the boy that kills birds, they state, becomes "capable d'assassiner son semblable;" and the art of thieving is first acquired in bird's-nesting. We do not observe that any evidence is advanced in support of these facts; which, no doubt, would have been easy enough, as there are statistics for all purposes. The society might have sent tables showing the number of birds killed and the number of murders, in parallel columns, for each year since the beginning of the century; also the number of bird's-nests taken and the number of commitments for robbery. Having neglected that duty, the society leaves untouched the evidence of one of the most illustrious of their own clients—Lamb. Charles Lamb says that theft is an original sin of humanity; he adduces the evidence of the hand with its five fingers, which by a beautiful provision of nature is an apparatus so formed for picking and stealing, that, as Lamb justly observes, one can scarcely keep hands off anything one sees.

Coming to the specific objects, the society calls upon the pope to interpose for the suppression of bull-fights in Spain; and also to prevent the practice of laying poison in the streets of Rome for mad dogs, since it may be taken by dogs who are not mad. Evidently the good folks regard the pope as the great Centaur or bull-driver of Europe: but we do assure them that the Roman bull is not "the beast" they take it for. As to the poisoning practice, the society must wean the Italians from a natural though exaggerated dread of hydrophobia, before it can expect immunity for dogs in hot weather. The Roman plan is less sweeping than that which prevails in other Italian states; where, in the feror of the mad-dog-days, a host of *shirri* or police constables sally forth with drawn swords and sabre all stray dogs. In times of great alarm, the army even invades the brutes in the fastnesses of their masters' home, and any symptom of excitement is taken for a death-warrant. Again we have to complain that the society has not thoroughly fulfilled its mission: has it sent to Italy, for general distribution, copies of the national ballad by Goldsmith, beginning "In Islington there was a man?"

But what on earth is the society about when it refers the pope to *Virgil* for a prophecy of the millennium? Is it supposed that *Virgil* was a saint in the Roman calendar, and only excluded as apocryphal on Protestant principles?

The worthy philanthropists defeat their object by these eccentric vagaries. The present pope is as busy as he can be in improving the condition of the Italian people; and when he has done with human beings it will be time enough to come to brutes. The London Animal's Friend Society is out of bounds when it gets to Rome. And even at home it may usefully limit its intervention. Martin's Act is a well-meant law: cruelties in the public presence are an outrage on decency and a demoralizing example, and it is sometimes necessary to compel decorum. But with that prevention of flagrant brutalities compulsory intervention ought to cease. The attempt to force upon men kindness of action is beginning at the wrong end—is pecking at the tip ends of the weed instead of assailing its root. Educate the affections by appropriate example and exercises; cultivate the taste for what is good and beautiful; and so you wean men from what is brutal and revolting. Kindness to fellow-creatures, in this stupendous universe, is less the

province of legislation to teach than of æsthetics. Coleridge's poem does more than any act of Parliament, edict, or papal bull; and it works less by its direct precept than by the music of its exhortation, which makes kindness to the brute creation a part of the universal harmony and beauty.

"He loveth God who loveth best

All things both great and small;

For the dear God who made and loveth us

He made and loveth all."

*Spectator.*

FREE TRADE IN EUROPE.—The following extract from a letter published in the Worcester Citizen, from Elihu Burritt, now travelling in Europe, contains some interesting particulars relating to the progress of free trade principles in Europe:

"The principles of free trade are fast gaining ground through the European part of Christendom, and Providence seems to recognize them, as the primitive statutes of Nature's economy, in all its recent dispensations in the Old World. Every tendency of the times is accelerating the progress of those principles. The voice of the people, on both sides of the channel, is coming in like a flood for free trade; and, before the farmers of the great west shall be able to turn up the sod of all their vast prairies, probably every port in Europe will be opened to their produce.

"There is another point on which much misapprehension exists in America, to use a very charitable term. In the elaborate arguments which have been put forth to convince the west that the opening of British ports to foreign grain would be of no advantage to them, it has been stated that there were corn-growing countries nearer to Great Britain than any of the American states; that these countries would be able to take advantage of every favorable turn in the English market, and supply every sudden demand before it could reach America; that wheat from Dantzic and Odessa could be poured into the British ports before the grain-freighted ships from America could get half-way across the ocean. Now, there has been, I fear, something less honest than misapprehension perpetuated to the disadvantage of the west on this important point. Having made special inquiries of several corn dealers here, I learn that, virtually, there is no grain-growing country nearer to England than the United States; that the average passage from Odessa to Liverpool is from seventy to eighty days; that the average passage from Dantzic to the same port consumes as much time, on an average, as a passage from New York."

NOTHING IN VAIN.—Although it was midsummer, the snow where we stood was from twenty to one hundred and twenty feet deep, but blown by the wind into the most irregular forms, while in some places the black rock was visible. Beneath was the river and valley of Maypo, fed by a number of tributary streams, which we could see descending like small silver threads down the different ravines. We appeared to have a bird's-eye view of the great chain of the Andes, and we looked down upon a series of pinnacles of indescribable shapes and forms, all covered with eternal snow. The whole scene around us in every direction was devoid of vegetation, and was a picture of desolation on a scale of magnificence which made it peculiarly awful. But the knowledge that this vast mass of snow, so cheerless in appearance, was created for the use, and comfort, and happiness, and even luxury of man; that it was the inexhaustible reservoir from which the plains were supplied with water—made us feel that there is no spot in creation which man should term barren, though there are many which nature never invented for his residence.—*Sir Francis Head.*

From Chambers' Journal.

## INGOLDSBY AND HIS LEGENDS.

Much more attention than usually falls to the lot of magazine articles was arrested by a series of comic poems called "The Ingoldsby Legends," which appeared a few years ago in Bentley's Miscellany. Mirth-raising in their narrative effect, they were marked by a singular aptness on the part of the author for the adroit use of the cant language of the day, and the management of out-of-the-way metres and rhymes. Some other features there were, indicating a genius of no common stamp; one disrespectful, it might be said, to many of the common proprieties of literature and the world, but which more than made up for everything by such an exuberance of drollery, as perhaps is not to be obtained upon other terms, and is almost worth having upon any. In time, it became known that the Thomas Ingoldsby set forward as the author of these legends, was no other than the Rev. R. H. Barham, one of the clergy of St. Paul's cathedral; a man of the most perfect respectability in his ordinary character, at the same time that, from his cheerful and amiable disposition, he was the delight of his family and friends. A long life was not vouchsafed to this estimable person; he died in June, 1845, at the age of fifty-seven; and his son has now published an ample memoir of his life, prefacing a third collected series of his "Legends."\*

The personal history of Mr. Barham embraces little more than his clerical education, and his various translations from parish to parish. It is agreeable, however, to learn respecting a person of such gayety of nature, that he was a discreet and conscientious pastor, always in the best esteem both with his superiors and his flock. He had a strong turn for antiquities and old literature, as appears pretty plainly in his poems. He was also a man of sincere but modest piety; he had had severe trials, and he bore them well. We have much pleasure in recalling a meeting we had with him some years before he was known as an author. We encountered each other amidst one of the miscellanies of company which used to gather at the board of the late Owen Rees, the bookseller. Probably finding some common ground in antiquarian subjects, we advanced so far in acquaintance, that Mr. Barham offered very kindly to conduct us next morning to some of the more recherché parts of the neighboring cathedral. A favor of so unusual a kind in the busy life of London, had the effect of stamping the image of the man upon our memory, and we now recall it with pleasure. He was of middle size, somewhat thick, with a round, good-humored face, but not the air of an intellectual man. We remember setting down the head as non-indicative of literary talent; yet it now appears to us, on reconsidering it, with the benefit of portraits, that the forehead was of a peculiar depressed and square form, which we have remarked on several other men of comical genius.

Mr. Barham's biographer informs us that the legends were chiefly concocted from stories picked up in conversation; many of the anecdotes on which they are founded had been related to the poet by his friend Mrs. Hughes, wife of another of the St. Paul's clergymen. The biographer says,

\* The Ingoldsby Legends, or Mirth and Marvels, by Thomas Ingoldsby, Esq. Third series. London: Bentley: 1847. Pp. 354.

"As respects the poems, remarkable as they have been pronounced for the wit and humor which they display, their distinguishing attraction lies in the almost unparalleled flow and facility of the versification. Popular phrases, sentences the most prosaic, even the cramped technicalities of legal diction, and snatches from well-nigh every language, are wrought in with an apparent absence of all art and effort that surprises, pleases, and convulses the reader at every turn; the author triumphs with a master's hand over every variety of stanza, however complicated or exacting; not a word seems out of place; not an expression forced; syllables the most intractable find the only partners fitted for them throughout the range of language, and couple together as naturally as those kindred spirits which poets tell us were created pairs, and dispersed in space to seek out their particular mates." All this is eminently true. See, for example, his description of Henry II. of England, where he speaks of the king and his hat in these terms—

"With a great sprig of broom, which he wore as a badge in it,  
Named from this circumstance, Henry Plantagenet."

Or the passage where he acknowledges

"A metaphor taken—I've not the page aright—  
Out of an ethical work by the Stagyrte."

Or, as a dernier, the following—

"Re-cul-ver, some style it,  
While others revile it  
As bad, and say Re-culver. 'Tis n't worth  
while, it  
Would seem to dispute, when we know the result  
immaterial—I accent, myself, the penultimate."

As an example of his humor and his rhymes together, a few verses may be presented from a long leash, in which he describes himself sitting down for a day to answer an accumulation of letters:—

"First, here's a card from Mrs. Grimes,  
'A ball!'—she knows that I'm no dancer—  
That woman's asked me fifty times,  
And yet I never send an answer.

"DEAR JACK—

Just lend me twenty pounds  
Till Monday, next, when I'll return it.

Yours truly,  
HENRY GIBBS."

Why, Z—ds!

I've seen the man but twice—here, burn it. \* \*

From Seraphina Price—'At two—  
Till then I can't, my dearest John, stir;  
Two more because I did not go,  
Beginning 'Wretch' and 'Faithless monster!'

'DEAR SIR—

This morning Mrs. P—,  
Who's doing quite as well as may be,  
Presented me at half-past three  
Precisely with another baby.

We'll name it John, and know with pleasure  
You'll stand—Five guineas more, confound  
it!—

I wish they'd called it Nebuchadnezzar,  
Or thrown it in the Thames, and drowned it.

What have we next? A civil dun:

'John Brown would take it as a favor'—

Another, and a surlier one,

'I can't put up with *sich* behavior.'

'Bill so long standing'—'quite tired out'—

'Must sit down to insist on payment'—

'Called ten times.' Here 's a fuss about

A few coats, waistcoats, and small-raidment!

For once I'll send an answer, and in-

form Mr. Snip he need n't 'call' so;

But when his bill 's as tired of 'standing'

As he is, beg 't will 'sit down also'

This from my rich old Uncle Ned,

Thanking me for my annual present;

And saying he last Tuesday wed

His cook-maid Molly—vastly pleasant! \* \*

Four begging letters with petitions,

One from my sister Jane, to pray

I'll 'execute a few commissions'

In Bond street, 'when I go that way.'

And buy at Pearsal's in the city,

Twelve skeins of silk for netting purses—

Color, no matter, so it 's pretty;

'Two hundred pens—'two hundred curses!'

From Mistress Jones: 'My little Billy

Goes up his schooling to begin,

Will you just step to Piccadilly,

And meet him when the coach comes in!

And then, perhaps, you will as well see

The poor dear fellow safe to school

At Dr. Smith's, in little Chelsea!

Heaven send he flog the little fool!" \* \*

The memoir abounds in racy anecdotes, some of which are extracted from letters and diaries of Mr. Barham. He tells several curious ones with regard to a strange custom of the rude peasantry of Kent, who, meaning nothing but kindness, would use means to accelerate the exit of such friends as were dying hard. A man, stretched on a death-bed of game feathers, which are supposed to be unfavorable to easy death, seemed as if he never would go—so, said his wife, "We pulled bed away, and then I just pinched his poor nose tight with one hand, and shut his mouth close with the t'other, and, poor dear! he went off like a lamb!" Another woman told with great complacency how, when her child's case had been pronounced hopeless, and seeing nothing would ease him, "we was forced to *squdge* him under the blankets." These facts are new to us, and they give additional credibility to what we long ago heard regarding the Shetland peasantry of past times, upon apparently good authority. It was stated that in this northern region, when dying persons lingered long, and particularly when they appeared in pain, it was customary to lay a pillow gently over their mouths, by way of closing the scene. On some enlightened person remonstrating with horror against the custom, the people said—"Oh, sir, we only help God awa wi' them!" What would have been barbarity and profanity in others, was in them mere simplicity.

One of Mr. Barham's table stories, which we propose to quote, is said to have been picked up from an old London citizen, who was full of "marvellous instances of judicial acumen displayed by

forgotten lord mayors—bon mots of their chief clerks—perilous swan-hopping voyages, and extraordinary white baitings." "An old London gentleman, a merchant in Bush Lane, had an only daughter, possessed of the highest attractions, moral, personal and pecuniary; she was engaged, and devotedly attached, to a young man in her own rank of life, and in every respect well worthy of her choice; all preliminaries were arranged, and the marriage, after two or three postponements, was fixed, 'positively for the last time of marrying,' to take place on Thursday, April 15, 18—.

"On the preceding Monday, the bridegroom elect (who was to have received £10,000 down on his wedding-day, and a further sum of £30,000 on his father-in-law's dying, as there was hope he soon would) had some little jealous squabbling with his intended at an evening party; the 'tiff' arose in consequence of his paying more attention than she thought justifiable to a young lady with sparkling een and inimitable ringlets. The gentleman retorted, and spoke slightly of a certain cousin, whose waistcoat was the admiration of the assembly, and which, it was hinted darkly, had been embroidered by the fair hand of the heiress in question. He added, in conclusion, that it would be time enough for him to be schooled when they were married; that (reader, pardon the unavoidable expression!) she was *putting on the breeches* 'a little to soon!'

"After supper, both the lovers had become more cool; iced champagne and cold chicken had done their work, and leave was taken by the bridegroom *in posse*, in kindly and affectionate, if not in such enthusiastic terms, as had previously terminated their meetings.

"On the next morning the swain thought with some remorse on the angry feeling he had exhibited, and the cutting sarcasm with which he had given it vent; and, as a part of his *amende honorable*, packed up with great care a magnificent satin dress, which he had previously bespoken for his beloved, and which had been sent home to him in the interval, and transmitted to the lady, with a note to the following effect:—

"DEAREST \* \* \*—I have been unable to close my eyes all night, in consequence of thinking on our foolish misunderstanding last evening. Pray, pardon me; and in token of your forgiveness, deign to accept the accompanying dress, and wear it for the sake of your ever affectionate \* \* \*."

"Having written the note, he gave it to his shopman to deliver with the parcel; but as a pair of his nether garments happened at the time to stand in need of repairing, he availed himself of the opportunity offered by his servant having to pass the tailor's shop in his way to Bush Lane, and desired him to leave them, packed in another parcel, on his road.

"The reader foresees the inevitable *contretemps*. Yes, the man made the fatal blunder!—consigned the satin robes to Mr. Snip, and left the note, together with the dilapidated habiliment, at the residence of the lady. Her indignation was neither to be described nor appeased; so exasperated was she at what she considered a determined and deliberate affront, that when her admirer called, she ordered the door to be closed in his face, refused to listen to any explanation, and resolutely broke off the match. Before many weeks had elapsed, means were found to make her acquainted with the history of the objectionable present; but she, nev-

ertheless, adhered firmly to her resolve, deeply lamenting the misadventure, but determined not to let the burden of the ridicule rest upon her."

Mr. Barham was a zealous conservative, and occasionally employed his wit in behalf of his party, but always with good humor. We mention the circumstance, merely to introduce a bit of irresistible drollery from a letter in which he adverted to the West Kent election. "What amused me very much was, that on landing from the steamboat at Gravesend, where my vote was to be taken, the rain was falling pretty steadily, and every one of the passengers who boasted an umbrella of course had it in play. A strong detachment of the friends of all the candidates lined the pier, to see us come on shore, and loud cheers from either party arose as any one mounted the steps bearing their respective colors. With that modesty which is one of my distinguishing characteristics, I had endeavored to decline the honor of a dead cat at my head, with which I was favored on a previous occasion, by mounting no colors at all; but something *distingué* in my appearance, as self-complacency fondly whispered in my ear, made the tory party roar out as I mounted the platform—

"Here comes von o' hour side!"

"You be blowed!" said a broad-faced gentleman in sky-blue ribbons; "I say he's our'n."

"Be blowed yourself," quoth one of my discriminating friends opposite. "Why, don't you see the gemman's got a *silk umbrella*?"

"The conclusion was irresistible. Tory I must be; and the '*I knowed it*,' which responded to my '*Geary forever*!' was truly delicious."

A memoir of some two hundred pages, spangled all over with droll things of this kind, would furnish of course matter for an extended article. Our object, however, being strictly to present a mere sketch of the stuff it is made of, we content ourselves with the following specimen of the stories which made the after-dinner conversation of Mathews so attractive. The author justly remarks what ample room it would afford for the development of his peculiar powers of impersonation:—"An Irish surgeon named M——, who kept a running horse, applied to him on one occasion for his opinion respecting a disputed race.

"Now, sur," commenced the gentleman, "Mr. Mathews, as you say you understand horse-racing, and so you do, I'll just thank ye to give me a little bit of an opinion, the least taste in life of one. Now, you'll mind me, sur, my horse had won the first *hate*; well, sur, and then he'd won the second *hate*; well——"

"Why, sir," said Mathews, "if he won both the heats, he won the race."

"Not at all, my dear fellow; not at all. You see he won the first *hate*, and then, somehow, my horse fell down, and then the horse (that's not himself, but the other) came up."

"And passed him, I suppose?" said Mathews.

"Not at all, sur; not at all; you quite mistake the gist of the matter. Now, you see, my horse had lost the first *hate*."

"Won it, you mean; at least won it you said."

"Won it!—of course I said won it; that is, the other horse won it; and the other horse, that is, *my* horse, won the second *hate*, when another, not himself comes up and tumbles down. But stop! I'll demonstrate the circumstance ocularly. There, you'll keep your eye on that decanter; now, mighty well—now you'll remember that's *my* horse; that is, I mane it's not my horse, it's the other; and

this cork—you observe this cork?—this cork's my horse; and my horse—that is, this cork—had won the first *hate*."

"Lost it, you said, sir, just now," groaned Mathews, rapidly approaching a state of complete bewilderment.

"Lost it, sur! By no means; won it, sur, I maintain ('pon my soul, your friend\* there that's grinning so is a mighty bad specimen of an American;) no, sur, *won* it, I said. And now I want your opinion about the *hate*; that is, not the *hate*, but the race, you know—not, that is, the first *hate*, but the second *hate*—that would be the race when it was won."

"Why, really, my dear sir," replied the referee, "I don't precisely see the point upon which——"

"God bless me, sur! do ye pretend to understand horse-racing, and can't give a plain opinion on a simple matter of *hates*? Now, sur, I'll explain it once more. The stopper, you are aware, is my horse, but the other horse—that is, the other *man's* horse," &c. &c.

"And so on poor M—— went for more than an hour, and no one could tell at last which horse it was that fell; whether he had won the first *hate* or lost it; whether his horse was the decanter or the cork; or what the point was upon which Mr. M—— wanted an opinion."

From the Iron City.

#### THE WOMAN CONQUEROR.

A pity 'twere that thou shouldst live unsung,  
Thou of the cold grey eye and lying tongue,  
Whose sycophantic heart was never wrung

Save by a selfish tear!

A pity 'twere that in this world of sin,  
Where battle True and False with horrid din,  
Thy holy triumphs should decay, nor win  
A fadeless record here!

Gigantic Warrior! on no common page  
Midst vulgar heroes—when the dying age  
Bequeaths her records to historic sage—

Shall shine thy val'rous part;

Nor conquests thine o'er "hardly foughten fields,"  
Nor laurels won where Mind her weapon wields,  
But mightier victories, e'en o'er *Faith*, that shields  
So oft a woman's heart.

Ay, thou art wondrous mighty! thou canst tear  
With mailed and ruthless grasp the tendrils fair  
That clasp thy vowing heart—thou canst forswear  
The *Faith* whereon they hang!

And doubtless thou couldst stand beside the bier  
Of clay-cold parent, or of sister dear,  
Pour from thy ready eye the seeming tear,  
But never feel a pang!

Brave heart! that spurnest with an iron heel  
Sweet Honor's code, whereto the rabble kneel,  
And laugh'st to scorn those sterner laws, that seal  
The perjurer's black doom!

What though thou'rt shunned of those—the good, the true—

Whom oily words and sleeky mien ne'er slew,  
And when thou'rt gone wilt have no friend to strew  
A flower on thy tomb!

On victor! raise thy psalm! make secure  
Thy freshest conquest o'er the young and pure!  
Gloat o'er past trophies—victims new allure,  
For soon will all be calmed;  
Alas, that with thyself should die thy fame!  
Alas, that thou canst not, in death the same,  
Gull the fierce fiends, or flirt the quenchless flame  
That sears the guilty damned!

PITTSBURGH, Feb. 12, 1848.

\* Stephen Price, the manager of Drury Lane Theatre.

## THE CAPUCHIN.\*

FATHER CRISTOFORO of . . . . was a man nearer sixty than fifty years of age. His shaven head, circled with a narrow line of hair, like a crown, according to the fashion of the Capuchin tonsure, was raised from time to time with a movement that betrayed somewhat of disdain and disquietude, and then quickly sank again in thoughts of lowliness and humility. His long grey beard, covering his cheeks and chin, contrasted markedly with the prominent features of the upper part of his face, to which a long and habitual abstinence had rather given an air of gravity, than effaced the natural expression. His sunken eyes, usually bent on the ground, sometimes brightened up with a momentary fire, like two spirited horses, under the hand of a driver whom they know by experience they cannot overcome; yet occasionally they indulge in a few gambols and prancings, for which they are quickly repaid by a smart jerk of the bit.

Father Cristoforo had not always been thus: nor had he always been Cristoforo; his baptismal name was Ludovico. He was the son of a merchant of . . . . who, in his latter years, being considerably wealthy, and having only one son, had given up trade, and retired as an independent gentleman.

In his new state of idleness he began to entertain a great contempt for the time he had spent in making money, and being useful in the world. Full of this fancy, he used every endeavor to make others forget that he had been a merchant; in fact, he wished to forget it himself. But the warehouse, the bales, the journal, the measure, were forever intruding upon his mind, like the shade of Banquo to Macbeth, even amidst the honors of the table and the smiles of flatterers. It is impossible to describe the care of these poor mortals to avoid every word that might appear like an allusion to the former condition of their patron. One day, to mention a single instance, towards the end of dinner, in the moment of liveliest and most unrestrained festivity, when it would be difficult to say which was merriest, the company who emptied the table, or the host who filled it, he was rallying with friendly superiority one of his guests, the most prodigious eater in the world. He, meaning to return the joke, with the frankness of a child, and without the least shade of malice, replied, "Ah, I'm listening like a merchant."† The poor offender was at once conscious of the unfortunate word that had escaped his lips; he cast a diffident glance towards his patron's clouded face, and each would gladly have resumed his former expression; but it was impossible. The other guests occupied themselves, each in his own mind, in devising some plan of remedying the mistake, and making a diversion; but the silence thus occasioned only made the error more apparent. Each individual endeavored to avoid meeting his companion's eye; each felt that all were occupied in the thought they wished to conceal. Cheerfulness and sociability had fled for that day, and the poor man, not so much imprudent as unfortunate, never again received an invitation. In this manner, Ludovico's father passed his latter years, continually subject to annoyances, and perpetually in dread of being

despised; never reflecting that it was no more contemptuous to sell than to buy, and that the business of which he was now so much ashamed, had been carried on for many years before the public without regret. He gave his son an expensive education, according to the judgment of the times, and as far as he was permitted by the laws and customs of the country; he procured him masters in the different branches of literature and in exercises of horsemanship, and at last died, leaving the youth heir to a large fortune. Ludovico had acquired gentlemanly habits and feelings, and the flatterers by whom he had been surrounded had accustomed him to be treated with the greatest respect. But, when he endeavored to mix with the first men of the city, he met with very different treatment to what he had been accustomed to, and he began to perceive that, if he would be admitted into their society, as he desired, he must learn, in a new school, to be patient and submissive, and every moment to be looked down upon and despised.

Such a mode of life accorded neither with the education of Ludovico, nor with his disposition; and he withdrew from it, highly piqued. Still he absented himself unwillingly; it appeared to him that these ought really to have been his companions, only he wanted them to be a little more tractable. With this mixture of dislike and inclination, not being able to make them his familiar associates, yet wishing in some way to be connected with them, he endeavored to rival them in show and magnificence, thus purchasing for himself enmity, jealousy, and ridicule. His disposition, open and at the same time violent, had occasionally engaged him in more serious contentions. He had a natural and sincere horror of fraud and oppression—a horror rendered still more vivid by the rank of those whom he saw daily committing them—exactly the persons he hated. To appease, or to excite all these passions at once, he readily took the part of the weak and oppressed, assumed the office of arbitrator, and intermeddling in one dispute drew himself into others; so that by degrees he established his character as a protector of the oppressed, and a vindicator of injuries. The employment, however, was troublesome; and it need not be asked whether poor Ludovico met with enemies, untoward accidents, and vexations of spirit. Besides the external war he had to maintain, he was continually harassed by internal strifes; for, in order to carry out his undertakings, (not to speak of such as never were carried out,) he was often obliged to make use of subterfuges, and have recourse to violence, which his conscience could not approve. He was compelled to keep around him a great number of bravoos; and, as much for his own security as to ensure vigorous assistance, he had to choose the most daring, or, in other words, the most unprincipled, and thus to live with villains for the sake of justice. Yet on more than one occasion, either discouraged by ill-success, or disquieted by imminent danger, wearied by a state of constant defence, disgusted with his companions, and in apprehension of dissipating his property, which was daily drawn upon largely, either in a good cause, or in support of his bold enterprises—more than once he had taken a fancy to turn friar; for in those times, this was the commonest way of escaping difficulties. This idea would probably have been only a fancy all his life, had it not been changed to a resolution by a more serious and terrible accident than he had yet met with.

He was walking one day along the streets, in

\* This very striking sketch is taken from an excellent translation of Manzoni's "Betrothed," lately published by Mr. Burns, of Portman street.

† *Io faccio orecchie da mercante.* A proverbial expression, meaning, "I pay no attention to you," which quite loses its point when translated into English.

company with a former shopkeeper, whom his father had raised to the office of steward, and was followed by two bravoos. The steward, whose name was Cristoforo, was about fifty years old, devoted from childhood to his master, whom he had known from his birth, and by whose wages and liberality he was himself supported, with his wife and eight children. Ludovico perceived a gentleman at a distance, an arrogant and overbearing man, whom he had never spoken to in his life, but his cordial enemy, to whom Ludovico heartily returned the hatred; for it is a singular advantage of this world, that men may hate and be hated without knowing each other. The signor, followed by four bravoos, advanced haughtily, with a proud step, his head raised, and his mouth expressive of insolence and contempt. They both walked next to the wall, which (he it observed) was on Ludovico's right hand; and this, according to custom, gave him the right (how far people will go to pursue the *right* of a case!) of not moving from the said wall to give place to any one, to which custom at that time great importance was attached. The signor, on the contrary, in virtue of another custom, held that this right ought to be conceded to him in consideration of his rank, and that it was Ludovico's part to give way. So that in this, as it happens in many other cases, two opposing customs clashed, the question of which was to have the preference remaining undecided, thus giving occasions of dispute, whenever one hard head chanced to come in contact with another of the same nature. The foes approached each other, both close to the wall, like two walking figures in bas relief, and on finding themselves face to face, the signor, eyeing Ludovico with a haughty air and imperious frown, said, in a corresponding tone of voice, "Go to the outside."

"You go yourself," replied Ludovico; "the path is mine."

"With men of your rank the path is always mine."

"Yes, if the arrogance of men of your rank were a law for men of mine."

The two trains of attendants stood still, each behind its leader, fiercely regarding each other, with their hands on their daggers prepared for battle, while the passers-by stopped on their way, and withdrew into the road, placing themselves at a distance to observe the issue; the presence of these spectators continually animating the punctilio of the disputants.

"To the outside, vile mechanic! or I'll quickly teach you the civility you owe a gentleman."

"You lie: I am not vile."

"You lie, if you say I lie." This reply was pragmatical. "And if you were a gentleman, as I am," added the signor, "I would prove with the sword that you are the liar."

"That is a capital pretext for dispensing with the trouble of maintaining the insolence of your words by your deeds."

"Throw this rascal in the mud," said the signor, turning to his followers.

"We shall see," said Ludovico, immediately retiring a step, and laying his hand on his sword.

"Rash man!" cried the other, drawing his own, "I will break this when it is stained with your vile blood."

At these words they flew upon one another, the attendants of the two parties fighting in defence of their masters. The combat was unequal, both in number and because Ludovico aimed rather at

parrying the blows of, and disarming, his enemy, than killing him, while the signor was resolved upon his foe's death at any cost. Ludovico had already received a blow from the dagger of one of the bravoos in his left arm, and a slight wound on his cheek, and his principal enemy was pressing on to make an end of him, when Cristoforo, seeing his master in extreme peril, went behind the signor with his dagger, who, turning all his fury upon his new enemy, ran him through with his sword. At this sight, Ludovico, as if beside himself, buried his own in the body of his provoker, and laid him at his feet, almost at the same moment as the unfortunate Cristoforo. The followers of the signor, seeing him on the ground, immediately betook themselves to flight: those of Ludovico, wounded and beaten, having no longer any one to fight with, and not wishing to be mingled in the rapidly increasing multitude, fled the other way, and Ludovico was left alone in the midst of the crowd, with these two ill-fated companions lying at his feet.

"What's the matter!—There's one.—There are two.—They have pierced his body.—Who has been murdered!—That tyrant.—Oh, holy Mary, what a confusion!—Seek and you shall find.—One moment pays all.—So he is gone!—What a blow!—It must be a serious affair.—And this other poor fellow!—Mercy! what a sight!—Save him, save him!—It will go hard with him, too.—See how he is mangled! he is covered with blood.—Escape, poor fellow, escape!—Take care you are not caught."

These words predominating over the confused tumult of the crowd, expressed their prevailing opinion, while assistance accompanied the advice. The scene had taken place near a Capuchin convent, an asylum in those days, as every one knows, impenetrable to bailiffs, and all that complication of persons and things which went by the name of justice. The wounded and almost senseless murderer was conducted, or rather carried by the crowd, and delivered to the monks, with the recommendation, "He is a worthy man, who has made a proud tyrant cold; he was provoked to it, and did it in his own defence."

Ludovico had never before shed blood, and although homicide was in those times so common that every one was accustomed to hear of and witness it, yet the impression made on his mind by the sight of one man murdered *for* him, and another *by* him, was new and indescribable;—a disclosure of sentiments before unknown. The fall of his enemy, the sudden alteration of the features, passing in a moment from a threatening and furious expression to the calm and solemn stillness of death, was a sight that instantly changed the feelings of the murderer. He was dragged to the convent almost without knowing where he was, or what they were doing to him; and, when his memory returned, he found himself on a bed in the infirmary, attended by a surgeon-friar, (for the Capuchins generally had one in each convent,) who was applying lint and bandages to the two wounds he had received in the contest. A father, whose special office it was to attend upon the dying, and who had frequently been called upon to exercise his duties in the street, was quickly summoned to the place of combat. He returned a few minutes afterwards, and, entering the infirmary, approached the bed where Ludovico lay. "Comfort yourself," said he, "he has at least died calmly, and has charged me to ask your pardon, and to convey his to you." These words aroused poor Ludovico, and awakened

more vividly and distinctly the feelings which confusedly crowded upon his mind; sorrow for his friend, consternation and remorse for the blow that had escaped his hand, and, at the same time, a bitterly painful compassion for the man he had slain. "And the other?" anxiously demanded he of the friar.

"The other had expired when I arrived."

In the mean while, the gates and precincts of the convent swarmed with idle and inquisitive people; but, on the arrival of a body of constables, they dispersed the crowd, and placed themselves in ambush at a short distance from the doors, so that none might go out unobserved. A brother of the deceased, however, accompanied by two of his cousins and an aged uncle, came, armed *cap-à-piè*, with a powerful retinue of bravoos, and began to make the circuit of the convent, watching with looks and gestures of threatening contempt the idle by-standers, who did not dare say, "He is out of your reach," though they had it written on their faces.

As soon as Ludovico could collect his scattered thoughts, he asked for a father confessor, and begged that he would seek the widow of Cristoforo, ask forgiveness in his name for his having been the involuntary cause of her desolation, and at the same time assure her that he would undertake to provide for her destitute family. In reflecting on his own condition, the wish to become a friar, which he had often before revolved in his mind, revived with double force and earnestness; it seemed as if God himself, by bringing him to a convent just at this juncture, had put it in his way, and given him a sign of His will; and his resolution was taken. He therefore called the guardian, and told him of his intention. The superior replied, that he must beware of forming precipitate resolutions, but that if, on consideration, he persisted in his desire, he would not be refused. He then sent for a notary, and made an assignment of the whole of his property (which was no insignificant amount) to the family of Cristoforo, a certain sum to the widow, as if it were an entailed dowry, and the remainder to the children.

The resolution of Ludovico came very *à propos* for his hosts, who were in a sad dilemma on his account. To send him away from the convent, and thus expose him to justice, that is to say, to the vengeance of his enemies, was a course on which they would not for a moment bestow a thought. It would have been to give up their proper privileges, disgrace the convent in the eyes of the people, draw upon themselves the animadversions of all the Capuchins in the universe for suffering their common rights to be infringed upon, and arouse all the ecclesiastical authorities, who at that time considered themselves the lawful guardians of these rights. On the other hand, the kindred of the slain, powerful themselves, and strong in adherents, were prepared to take vengeance, and denounced as their enemy any one who should put an obstacle in their way. The history does not tell us that much grief was felt for the loss of the deceased, nor even that a single tear was shed over him by any of his relations: it merely says that they were all on fire to have the murderer, dead or living, in their power. But Ludovico's assuming the habit of a Capuchin settled all these difficulties; he made atonement in a manner, imposed a penance on himself, tacitly confessed himself in fault, and withdrew from the contest; he was, in fact, an enemy laying down his arms. The relatives of the dead could also, if they pleased, believe and make it their

boast that he had turned friar in despair, and through dread of their vengeance. But, in any case, to oblige a man to relinquish his property, shave his head, and walk barefoot, to sleep on straw, and to live upon alms, was surely a punishment fully equivalent to the most heinous offence.

The superior presented himself with an easy humility to the brother of the deceased, and, after a thousand protestations of respect for his most illustrious house, and of desire to comply with his wishes as far as possible, he spoke of Ludovico's penitence, and the determination he had made, politely making it appear that his family ought to be therewith satisfied, and insinuating, yet more courteously, and with still greater dexterity, that whether he were pleased or not, so it would be. The brother fell into a rage, which the Capuchin patiently allowed to evaporate, occasionally remarking that he had too just cause of sorrow. The signor also gave him to understand, that in any case his family had it in their power to enforce satisfaction; to which the Capuchin, whatever he might think, did not say no; and finally he asked, or rather required as a condition, that the murderer of his brother should immediately quit the city. The Capuchin, who had already determined upon such a course, replied that it should be as he wished, leaving the nobleman to believe, if he chose, that his compliance was an act of obedience; and thus the matter concluded to the satisfaction of all parties. The family were released from their obligation; the friars had rescued a fellow-creature, and secured their own privileges, without making themselves enemies; the *dilettanti* in chivalry gladly saw the affair terminated in so laudable a manner; the populace rejoiced at a worthy man's escaping from danger, and at the same time marvelled at his conversion; finally, and above all, in the midst of his sorrow, it was a consolation to poor Ludovico himself to enter upon a life of expiation, and devote himself to services, which, though they could not remedy, might at least make some atonement for his unhappy deed, and alleviate the intolerable pangs of remorse. The idea that his resolution might be attributed to fear pained him for a moment, but he quickly consoled himself by the remembrance that even this unjust imputation would be a punishment for him, and a means of expiation. Thus, at the age of thirty, Ludovico took the monastic habit, and being required, according to custom, to change his name, he chose one that would continually remind him of the fault he had to atone for—the name of Friar Cristoforo.

Scarcely was the ceremony of taking the religious habit completed, when the guardian told him that he must keep his novitiate at \* \* \*, sixty miles distant, and that he must leave the next day. The novice bowed respectfully, and requested a favor of him. "Allow me, father," said he, "before I quit the city where I have shed the blood of a fellow-creature, and leave a family justly offended with me, to make what satisfaction I can, by at least confessing my sorrow, begging forgiveness of the brother of the deceased, and so removing, please God, the enmity he feels towards me." The guardian, thinking that such an act, besides being good in itself, would also serve still more to reconcile the family to the convent, instantly repaired to the offended signor's house, and communicated to him Friar Cristoforo's request. The signor, greatly surprised at so unexpected a proposal, felt a rising of anger, mingled perhaps with complacency, and, after thinking a moment, "Let him

come to-morrow," said he, mentioning the hour; and the superior returned to the monastery to acquaint the novice with the desired permission.

The gentleman soon remembered that the more solemn and notorious the submission was, the more his influence and importance would be increased among his friends and the public; and it would also (to use a fashionable modern expression) make a fine page in the history of the family. He therefore hastily sent to inform all his relatives, that the next day at noon they must hold themselves engaged to come to him, for the purpose of receiving a common satisfaction. At midday the palace swarmed with the nobility of both sexes and of every age; occasioning a confused intermingling of large cloaks, lofty plumes, and pendant jewels; a vibrating movement of stiffened and curled ribbons, an impeded trailing of embroidered trains. The ante-rooms, court-yards, and roads overflowed with servants, pages, bravoos, and inquisitive gazers. On seeing all this preparation, Friar Cristoforo guessed the motive, and felt a momentary perturbation; but he soon recovered himself, and said:—"Be it so; I committed the murder publicly, in the presence of many of his enemies; that was an injury; this is reparation."—So, with the father, his companion, at his side, and his eyes bent on the ground, he passed the threshold, traversed the court-yard among a crowd who eyed him with very unceremonious curiosity, ascended the stairs, and, in the midst of another crowd of nobles, who gave way at his approach, was ushered, with a thousand eyes upon him, into the presence of the master of the mansion, who, surrounded by his nearest relatives, stood in the centre of the room with a downcast look, grasping in his left hand the hilt of his sword, while with the right he folded the collar of his cloak over his breast.

There is sometimes in the face and behavior of a person so direct an expression, such an effusion, so to speak, of the internal soul, that in a crowd of spectators there will be but one judgment and opinion of him. So was it with Friar Cristoforo; his face and behavior plainly expressed to the by-standers that he had not become a friar, nor submitted to that humiliation, from the fear of man; and the discovery immediately conciliated all hearts. On perceiving the offended signor, he quickened his steps, fell on his knees at his feet, crossed his hands on his breast, and bending his shaved head, said, "I am the murderer of your brother. God knows how gladly I would restore him to you at the price of my own blood, but it cannot be: I can only make inefficacious and tardy excuses, and implore you to accept them for God's sake." All eyes were immovably fixed upon the novice and the illustrious personage he was addressing; all ears were attentively listening; and, when Friar Cristoforo ceased, there was a murmur of compassion and respect throughout the room. The gentleman, who stood in an attitude of forced condescension and restrained anger, was much moved at these words, and, bending towards the supplicant, "Rise," said he, in an altered tone. "The offence—the act certainly—but the habit you bear—not only so, but also yourself—Rise, father—My brother—I cannot deny it—was a cavalier—was rather a—precipitate man—rather hasty. But all happens by God's appointment. Speak of it no more. \* \* \* But, father, you must not remain in this posture." And taking him by the arm, he compelled him to rise. The friar, standing with his head bowed, and his eyes fixed on the ground, replied, "I may hope that I have your forgiveness! And if I obtain it

from you, from whom may I not hope it? Oh! if I might hear from your lips that one word—pardon!"

"Pardon!" said the gentleman. "You no longer need it. But since you desire it, certainly \* \* \* certainly, I pardon you with my whole heart, and all \* \* \*"

"All! all!" exclaimed the by-standers, with one voice. The countenance of the friar expanded with grateful joy, under which, however, might be traced an humble and deep compunction for the evil which the forgiveness of men could not repair. The gentleman, overcome by this deportment, and urged forward by the general feeling, threw his arms round Cristoforo's neck, and gave and received the kiss of peace.

"Bravo! well done!" burst forth from all parts of the room: there was a general movement, and all gathered round the friar. Servants immediately entered, bringing abundance of refreshment. The signor, again addressing Cristoforo, who was preparing to retire, said, "Father, let me give you some of these trifles; afford me this proof of your friendship;" and was on the point of helping him before any of the others; but he, drawing back with a kind of friendly resistance, "These things," said he, "are no longer for me; but God forbid that I should refuse your gifts. I am about to start on my journey; allow me to take a loaf of bread, that I may be able to say I have shared your charity, eaten of your bread, and received a token of your forgiveness." The nobleman, much affected, ordered it to be brought, and shortly a waiter entered in full dress, bearing the loaf on a silver dish, and presented it to the father, who took it with many thanks, and put it in his basket. Then, obtaining permission to depart, he bade farewell to the master of the house and those who stood nearest to him, and with difficulty made his escape as they endeavored for a moment to impede his progress; while, in the ante-rooms, he had to struggle to free himself from the servants, and even from the bravoos, who kissed the hem of his garment, his robe and his hood. At last he reached the street, borne along as in triumph, and accompanied by a crowd of people as far as the gate of the city, from whence he commenced his pedestrian journey towards the place of his novitiate.

The brother and other relatives of the deceased, who had been prepared in the morning to enjoy the sad triumph of pride, were left instead full of the serene joy of a forgiving and benevolent disposition. The company entertained themselves some time longer, with feelings of unusual kindness and cordiality, in discussions of a very different character to what they had anticipated on assembling. Instead of satisfaction enforced, insults avenged, and obligations discharged—praises of the novice, reconciliation, and meekness, were the topics of conversation.

Father Cristoforo pursued his way with a peace of mind such as he had never experienced since that terrible event, to make atonement for which his whole life was henceforth to be consecrated. He maintained the silence usually imposed upon novices, without difficulty, being entirely absorbed in the thought of the labors, privations, and humiliations he would have to undergo for the expiation of his fault. At the usual hour of refreshment, he stopped at the house of a patron, and partook almost voraciously of the bread of forgiveness, reserving, however, a small piece, which he kept in his basket as a perpetual remembrancer.

It is not our intention to write the history of his

cloistral life: it will suffice to say, that, while he willingly and carefully fulfilled the duties customarily assigned to him, to preach and to attend upon the dying, he never suffered an opportunity to pass of executing two other offices which he had imposed upon himself—the composing of differences, and the protection of the oppressed. Without being aware of it, he entered upon these undertakings with some portion of his former zeal, and a slight remnant of that courageous spirit which humiliation and mortifications had not been able entirely to subdue. His

manner of speaking was habitually meek and humble; but, when truth and justice were at stake, he was immediately animated with his former warmth, which, mingled with and modified by a solemn emphasis acquired in preaching, imparted to his language a very marked character. His whole countenance and deportment indicated a long-continued struggle between a naturally hasty, passionate temper, and an opposing and habitually victorious will, ever on the watch, and directed by the highest principles and motives.

## A TRUE TALE.

WHEN, for these feeble days, we paint  
The pureness of some parted saint,  
Our praise is great—our faith is faint!

We dwellers in the vale below,  
Look to the far hills' lucid snow,  
Nor dream man's footsteps there may go.

Not love, up gazing, and at rest,  
Can reach the wonder of that crest,  
But toil—stern, patient, undeprest.

Yet even this deaf and faithless time  
Hears some fair cadence of the chime,  
Which charmed to prayer its holier prime;

Fragments and trembling echoes, sent  
To souls for one brief season lent,  
And taken hence while innocent!

For childhood, like the church's morn,  
Of God's free spirit freshly born,  
Meets sin with strange and happy scorn;

Eyes, washed by no remorseful tear,  
Pure heart, and unpolluted ear,  
What we believe, ye see and hear!

\* \* \* \*

With folded hands and drooping head,  
A group was gathered round the bed  
Where lay a little child, as dead.

A holy child, whose few fair springs,  
Shadowed by angel's guardian wings,  
Were busied but with heavenly things.

As if the frontal drops had sought  
The young heart's inner depth, and wrought  
A well to purify each thought.

The watchers hushed each trembling breath;  
Bowing "the pride of life" beneath  
The dread "humility of death."

A sound upon that silence fell  
Loved by the little slumberer well—  
The music of the vesper bell!

Soft, as the shower from autumn trees,  
That drops in no disturbing breeze—  
Calm, as the murmur of far seas—

The parting soul that summons knows;  
Behold, the small wan lips unclose,  
And thence a sudden music flows!

No dying note—no faltering word,  
But anthem-strain in triumph poured,  
"My soul doth magnify the Lord!"

From first to last, serene and strong,  
The child-voice in that holy song  
Seemed answering some viewless throng;

And doubt not worshippers were there  
Peopling each seeming void of air—  
It was the church's hour of prayer!

Freed was the spirit in that tone!  
Ah, weep not, friends! Ye might have known  
God's mercy must resume its own!

Surely the waiting angel may  
Turn from God's face his eyes away,  
To look upon that shape of clay,  
By death so softly touched! Serene  
And still, as forest shadows seen  
At eve upon some level green.

While the child-spirit, hovering nigh  
Beholds, but with how changed an eye!  
That calm, pale form, the mourners by;

That prison where so late it dwelt,  
In sickness wept, in sorrow knelt—  
Pain now unknown, and grief unfelt!

While, through faint sobs and tearful rain,  
(Still most abounding when most vain,)  
Breaks the far choir's exulting strain,

The church on earth, whose voice of love  
Speeds sweetly her unspotted dove,  
Now passing to the church above,

Winged by her chant—"In peace of heart  
O Lord, Thy servant may depart;  
Thou his revealed salvation art!"

Words glad, but awful—which condemn  
The lips unclean that utter them;  
For stainless soul fit requiem!

*Sharpe's Magazine.*

THE shores of the lake Titicaca, in Peru, 12,700 feet above the level of the sea, are enclosed by a thick forest of a beautiful rush, which plays an important part in the economy of the surrounding district. Indeed, the people of that country would live in great wretchedness if nature had not bestowed on it these plants, for it lies far above the limit of trees, and only a few bushes grow in its neighborhood. These rushes supply the natives not only with fuel, covering for their huts, and with matting, but they supply material for the construction of their rude balsas or boats, which are merely rush-woven, as are also the sails that waft them across the waters.

TOWARDS the end of autumn may be often observed in the fields marks of footsteps, which appear to have scorched the grass like heated iron: this phenomenon was formerly regarded with superstitious dread, but can now be explained upon very simple chemical principles. When the grass becomes crisp by frost, it is exceeding brittle, and the foot of a man, or even of a child, is sufficiently heavy to break it completely down, and effectually kill it; therefore, when the sun has thawed the frosty rime from the fields, these foot-tracks appear brown and bare in the midst of the surrounding and flourishing green grass.

From Chambers' Journal.

## A STORY FOR A WINTER FIRESIDE.

ONE evening on which a merry Christmas party was assembled in an hospitable country mansion in the north of England, one of the company, a young man named Charles Lisle, called the host aside, as they were standing in the drawing-room before dinner, and whispered, "I say, Graham, I wish you'd put me into a room that has either a bolt or a key."

"They have all keys, or should have," returned Mr. Graham.

"The key of my room is lost," returned the other; "I asked the housemaid. It is always the first thing I look to when I enter a strange bed-chamber. I can't sleep unless the door is locked."

"How very odd! I never locked my door in my life," said Mr. Graham. "I say, Letitia," continued he, addressing his wife, "here's Charlie Lisle can't sleep unless his door's locked, and the room you've put him into has no key."

At this announcement all the ladies looked with surprise at Charlie Lisle, and all the gentlemen laughed; and "How odd!" and "What a strange fancy!" was echoed among them.

"I dare say you do think it very odd, and indeed it must appear rather a lady-like particularity," responded Lisle, who was a fine, active young man, and did not look as if he were much troubled with superfluous fears; "but a circumstance that occurred to me when I was on the continent last summer has given me a nervous horror of sleeping in a room with an unlocked door, and I have never been able to overcome it. This is perhaps owing to my having been ill at the time, and I can scarcely say I have recovered from the effects of that illness yet."

Naturally, everybody wanted to hear what this adventure was—the programme being certainly exciting—and so one of the visitors offered to exchange rooms with Charlie Lisle, provided he would tell them his story; which, accordingly, when assembled round the fire in the evening, he began in the following words:—

"You must know, then, that last year, when I was wandering over the continent, partly in search of the picturesque, and partly to remedy the effects of too much study, or rather too hasty study—for I believe a man may study as much as he pleases, if he will only take it easy, as the Irish say—I was surprised one evening by a violent storm of hail, and it became so suddenly dark, that I could scarcely see my horse's head. I had twelve miles to go to the town at which I intended to pass the night, and I knew that there was no desirable shelter nearer, unless I chose to throw myself on the hospitality of the monastery of Pierre Châtel, which lay embosomed amongst the hills a little to the east of the road I was travelling. There is something romantic and interesting in a residence at a convent, but of that I need not now say anything. After a short mental debate, I resolved to present myself at the convent gate, and ask them to give me a night's shelter. So I turned off the road, and rang a heavy bell, which was answered by a burly, rosy-cheeked lay brother, and he forthwith conducted me to the prior, who was called the Père Jolivet. He received me very kindly, and we chatted away for some time on politics and the affairs of the world; and when the brothers were summoned to the refectory, I begged leave to join them, and share their simple repast, instead of eating the solitary supper prepared for me. There were two tables

in the hall, and I was seated next the prior, in a situation that gave me a pretty good view of the whole company, and as I cast my eyes round to take a survey of the various countenances, they were suddenly arrested by one that struck me as about the most remarkable I had ever beheld. From the height of its owner as he sat, I judged he must be a very tall man, and the high round shoulders gave an idea of great physical strength; though at the same time the whole mass seemed composed of bone, for there was very little muscle to cover it. The color of his great coarse face was of an unnatural whiteness, and the rigid immobility of the features favored the idea that the man was more dead than alive. There was altogether something so remarkable in his looks, that I could with difficulty turn my eyes from him. My fixed gaze, I imagine, roused some emotions within him, for he returned my scrutiny with a determined and terrific glare. If I forced myself to turn away my head for a moment, round it would come again, and there were his two great, mysterious eyes upon me; and that stiff jaw slowly and mechanically moving from side to side, as he ate his supper, like something acted on by a pendulum. It was really dreadful: we seemed both bewitched to stare at each other; and I longed for the signal to rise, that I might be released from the strange fascination. This came at length; and though I had promised myself to make some inquiries of the prior concerning the owner of the eyes, yet not finding myself alone with him during the evening, I forbore, and in due time retired to my chamber, intending to proceed on my journey the following day. But when the morning came, I found myself very unwell, and the hospitable prior recommended me not to leave my bed; and finally, I was obliged to remain there not only that day, but many days—in short, it was nearly a month before I was well enough to quit the convent.

"In the mean time, however, I had learnt the story of Brother Lazarus—for so I found the object of my curiosity was called; and had thereby acquired some idea of the kind of influence he had exercised over me. The window of the little room I occupied looked into the burying-place of the monastery; and on the day I first left my bed, I perceived a monk below digging a grave. He was stooping forward with his spade in his hand, and with his back towards me; and as my room was a good way from the ground, and the brothers were all habited alike, I could not distinguish which of them it was.

"You have a death amongst you?" said I to the prior when he visited me.

"No," returned he; "we have even no serious sickness at present."

"I see one of the brothers below digging a grave," I replied.

"Oh," said he, looking out, "that is Brother Lazarus; he is digging his own grave."

"What an extraordinary fancy!" said I. "But perhaps it's a penance!"

"Not a penance imposed by me," replied the prior, "but by himself. Brother Lazarus is a very strange person. Perhaps you may have observed him in the refectory—he sat nearly opposite you at the other table!"

"Bless me! is that he? Oh yes, I observed him indeed. Who could help observing him? He has the most extraordinary countenance I ever beheld."

"Brother Lazarus is a somnambulist," returned

the prior; "a natural somnambulist; and is altogether, as I said before, a very extraordinary character."

"What!" said I, my curiosity being a good deal awakened, "does he walk in his sleep? I never saw a somnambulist before, and should like to hear some particulars about him, if you have no objection to tell them me."

"They are not desirable inmates, I assure you," answered the prior. "I could tell you some very odd adventures connected with this disease of Brother Lazarus."

"I should be very much obliged if you would," said I with no little eagerness.

"Somnambulists are sometimes subject to strange hallucinations," he replied; "their dream is to them as real as our actual daily life is to us, and they not unfrequently act out the scenes of the drama with a terrible determination. I will just give you one instance of the danger that may accrue from a delusion of this nature. At the last monastery I inhabited, before I became prior of Pierre Châtel, we had a monk who was known to be a somnambulist. He was a man of sombre character and gloomy temperament; but it was rather supposed that his melancholy proceeded from physical causes than from any particular source of mental uneasiness. His nightly wanderings were very irregular; sometimes they were frequent, sometimes there were long intermissions. Occasionally he would leave his cell, and after being absent from it several hours, would return of his own accord, still fast asleep, and lay himself in his bed; at other times he would wander so far away, that we had to send in search of him; and sometimes he would be met by the messengers on his way back, either awake or asleep, as it might happen. This strange malady had caused us some anxiety, and we had not neglected to seek the best advice we could obtain with respect to its treatment; at length the remedies applied seemed to have taken effect; the paroxysms became more rare, and the disease so far subsided, that it ceased to be a subject of observation amongst us. Several months had elapsed since I had heard anything of the nocturnal excursions of Brother Dominique, when one night that I had some business of importance in hand, instead of going to bed when the rest of the brotherhood retired to their cells, I seated myself at my desk, for the purpose of reading and answering certain letters concerning the affair in question. I had been sometime thus occupied, and had just finished my work, and had already locked my desk preparatory to going to bed, when I heard the closing of a distant door, and immediately afterwards a foot in the long gallery that separated my room from the cells of the brotherhood. What could be the matter! Somebody must be ill, and was coming to seek assistance; and I was confirmed in this persuasion when I perceived that the foot was approaching my door, the key of which I had not turned. In a moment more it opened, and Fra Dominique entered, asleep. His eyes were wide open, but there was evidently no speculation in them; they were fixed and glassy, like the eyes of a corpse. He had nothing on but the tunic which he was in the habit of wearing at night, and in his hand he held a large knife. At this strange apparition I stood transfixed. From the cautious manner in which he had opened the door, and the stealthy pace with which he advanced into the room, I could not doubt that he was bent upon mischief; but aware of the dangerous effects that frequently result from the too sudden awakening of a sleep-

walker, I thought it better to watch in silence the acting out of this fearful drama, than venture to disturb him. With all the precautions he would have used not to arouse me had he been awake, he moved towards the bed, and in so doing he had occasion to pass quite close to where I stood, and as the light of the lamps fell upon his face, I saw that his brows were knit, and his features contracted into an expression of resolute malignity. When he reached the bed, he bent over it, felt with his hand in the place where I should have been, and then, apparently satisfied, he lifted up his arm, and struck successively three heavy blows—so heavy, that, having pierced the bedclothes, the blade of the knife entered far into the mattress, or rather into the mat that served me for one. Suddenly, however, whilst his arm was raised for another blow, he started, and turning round, hastened towards the window, which he opened, and had it been large enough, I think would have thrown himself out. But finding the aperture too small he changed his direction. Again he passed close to me, and I felt myself shrink back as he almost touched me with his tunic. The two lamps that stood on my table made no impression on his eyes; he opened and closed the door as before; and I heard him proceed rapidly along the gallery, and retire to his own cell. It would be vain to attempt to describe the amazement with which I had witnessed this terrible scene. I had been, as it were, the spectator of my own murder, and I was overcome by the horrors of this visionary assassination. Grateful to Providence for the danger I had escaped, I yet could not brace my nerves to look at it with calmness, and I passed the remainder of the night in a state of painful agitation. On the following morning, as soon as breakfast was over, I summoned Fra Dominique to my room. As he entered, I saw his eye glance at the bed, which was now, however, covered by other linen, so that there were no traces visible of his nocturnal visit. His countenance was sad, but expressed no confusion, till I inquired what had been the subject of his dreams the preceding night. Then he started, and changed color.

"Reverend father," said he, "why do you ask me this?"

"Never mind," said I; "I have my reasons."

"I do not like to repeat my dream," returned he; "it was too frightful; and I fear that it must have been Satan himself that inspired it."

"Nevertheless, let me hear it."

"Well, reverend father, if you will have it so, what I dreamt was this—but that you may the better comprehend my dream, I must give you a short sketch of the circumstances in which it originated."

"Do so," said I; and that we may not be interrupted, I'll lock the door." So having turned the key, and bade him seat himself on a stool opposite me, I prepared to listen to the story of his life, which was to this effect. While a child of four years of age, he awoke one morning and found that his poor mother lay a bleeding corpse by his side. She had been murdered during the night by a miscreant relative, in order to obtain some mean inheritance by her decease. The effect of the circumstance, with its painful details, had disturbed his infant faculties, which led to occasional fits, and to terrific dreams. These dreams, he added, sometimes made him feel as if he were under a stern necessity of performing the part of the murderer of his mother.

"And pray," I inquired, "do you select any particular person as your victim in those dreams?"

"Always."

"And what does this selection depend upon? Is it enmity?"

"No," returned Dominique; "it is a peculiar influence that I cannot explain. Perhaps," added he, after some hesitation, "you may have observed my eyes frequently fixed on you of late!" I remembered that I had observed this; and he then told me that whoever he looked at in that manner was the person he dreamt of."

"Such," said Charlie Lisle, "was the prior's account of this strange personage. I confess, when I had heard his explanation, I began to feel particularly queer, for I was already satisfied that Fra Dominique and Brother Lazarus were one and the same person; and I perceived that I was in considerable danger of being the selected victim of his next dream; and so I told Père Jolivet."

"Never fear," said he; "we lock him up every night, and have done so ever since my adventure. Added to which, he is now very unwell; he was taken with a fit yesterday, and we have been obliged to bleed him."

"But he is digging there below," said I.

"Yes," replied the prior; "he has a notion he is going to die, and intreated permission to prepare his grave. It is, however, a mere fancy, I daresay. He had the same notion during the indisposition that succeeded the dream I have just related. I forgot to tell you, however, though you seem to have penetrated the secret, that this Fra Dominique changed his name to Lazarus when he accompanied me here, which he was allowed to do at his own urgent intreaty; why, I cannot tell, but ever after that conversation, he seemed to have imbibed a strong attachment to me; perhaps because I exhibited none of the distrust or aversion towards him which some persons might have been apt to entertain under the same circumstances."

"A week after this I was informed that Brother Lazarus was dead," continued Lisle; "and I confess I did not much regret his decease. I thought a man subject to such dangerous dreams was better out of the world than in it; more especially as by all accounts he had no enjoyment in life. On the day I quitted the monastery, I saw from my window one of the brothers completing the already partly-made grave, and learnt that he was to be buried that evening; and as I descended the stairs, I passed some monks who were carrying his coffin to his cell. 'Rest his soul!' said I, as I buckled on my spurs; and having heartily thanked the good prior for his hospitality, I mounted my horse and rode away."

Here Charlie Lisle rang the bell and asked for a glass of water.

"Is that all?" inquired Lady Araminta.

"Not quite," said Charlie; "the sequel is to come. My visit to the monastery of Pierre Châtel had occurred in the month of June. During the ensuing months I travelled over a considerable part of the south of France; and at length I crossed the Pyrenees, intending to proceed as far as Madrid, and winter there. Amongst the lions I had been recommended to visit was a monastery of Franciscans in the neighborhood of Burgos, and I turned somewhat out of my road for the purpose of inspecting some curious manuscripts which the monks were reputed to possess. It was in the month of October, and a bright moonlight night, when I rang the bell and requested to see the Padre Pachorra, to whom I had letters of introduction. I found him a dark, grave, sombre-looking man, not very unlike my old friend Brother Lazarus; and although he received me civilly enough, there was something in

his demeanor that affected my spirits. The whole air of the convent, too, was melancholy; convents, like other establishments, taking their tone very much from the character of their superiors. As the monks had already supped when I arrived, I was served with some refreshment in the parlor; and the whole internal arrangements here being exceedingly strict, I immediately afterwards retired to my chamber, firmly resolved to take my departure the next day. I am not in the habit of going to bed early, and when I do, I never can sleep. By the time my usual sleeping hour is arrived, I have generally got so restless and nervous from lying awake, that slumber is banished altogether. Consequently, whenever I am under circumstances that oblige me to retire early to my room, I make a practice of reading till I find my eyelids heavy. But the dormitory assigned me in this Franciscan convent was so chilly, and the lamp gave so little light, that either remaining out of bed or reading in it was out of the question; so I yielded to necessity, and stretched myself on Padre Pachorra's hard couch; and a very hard one it was, I assure you. I was very cold, too. There were not coverings enough on the bed to keep in my animal heat; and although I spread my own clothes over me also, still I lay shivering in a very uncomfortable manner, and, I am afraid, uttering sundry harsh remarks on the padre's niggardly hospitality. In this agreeable occupation, as you may suppose, the flight of time was somewhat of the slowest. I do not know how many hours I had been there, but I had begun to think it never would be morning, when I heard something stirring in the gallery outside my door. The silence of a convent at night is the silence of the grave. Too far removed from the busy world without for external sounds to penetrate the thick walls, whilst within no slamming door, nor wandering foot, nor sacrilegious voice breaks in upon the stillness, the slightest noise strikes upon the ear with a fearful distinctness. I had no shutters to my window, so that I was aware it was still pitch-dark without, though, within, the feeble light of my lamp still enabled me to see a little about me. I knew that the inmates of monasteries not only rise before daylight, but also that they perform midnight masses, and so forth; but then I had always observed that on these occasions they were summoned by a bell. Now, there was no bell; on the contrary, all was still as death, except the cautious foot which seemed to be approaching my room. 'What on earth can it be?' thought I, sitting up in bed with an indescribable feeling of apprehension. At that moment a hand was laid upon the latch of my door. I cannot tell why, but instinctively I jumped out of bed—the door opened, and in walked what appeared to me to be Brother Lazarus, exactly as the prior of Pierre Châtel had described him to me on the occasion of his nocturnal visit to his chamber. His eyes were open, but glazed, as of one dead; his face was of a ghastly paleness; he had nothing on but the gray tunic in which he slept; and in his hand he held a knife, such a one as was used by the monks to cut their large loaves with.

"You may conceive my amazement," continued Charlie Lisle, whilst amongst his auditors every eye was firmly riveted. "I rubbed my eyes, and asked myself if I were dreaming. Too surely I was awake—I had never even slumbered for an instant. Was I mad? I did not think I was; but certainly that was no proof to the contrary; and I almost began to doubt that Brother Lazarus was dead and

buried on the other side of the Pyrenees. The prior of Pierre Châtel had told me he was dead, and I had heard several others of the brotherhood alluding to his decease. I had seen his grave made ready, and I had passed his coffin as I descended to the hall; yet here he was in Spain, again rehearsing the frightful scene that Jolivet had described to me! Whilst all this was fleeting through my mind, I was standing *en chemise* betwixt the bed and the wall, on which side I had happened to leap out. In the mean time the apparition advanced with bare feet, and with the greatest caution, towards the other side of the bed; and as there were of course no curtains, I had a full view of his diabolical features, which appeared contracted with rage and malignity. As Jolivet had described to me, he first felt the bed, as if to ascertain if I were there; and I confess I was frightened out of my senses lest he should discover that I was not, and possibly detect me where I was. What could I have done, unarmed, and in my shirt, against this preternatural-looking monster! And to wake him—provided always it was really Brother Lazarus, and not his double, a point about which I felt exceedingly uncertain—I had learnt from Jolivet was extremely perilous. However, he did not discover that the bed was empty—his dream no doubt supplying a visionary victim for the occasion—and raising his arm, he plunged the knife into the mattress with a fierce determination that convinced me I should have had very little chance of surviving the blow had I been where he imagined me. Again and again he struck, I looking on with a horror that words could but feebly paint; and then he suddenly started—the uplifted arm was arrested—the pursuer was at hand; he first rushed to the window, and opened it, but being only a small lattice, there was no egress there, so he turned to the door, making his escape that way; and I could hear his foot distinctly flying along the gallery till he reached his own cell. By this time I was perfectly satisfied that it was no spirit I had seen, but the veritable Brother Lazarus, or Dominique, or whatever his name was—for he might have half a dozen *aliases* for aught I knew—though how he had contrived to come to life again, if he were dead, or by what means, or for what purpose, he could have persuaded the monks of Pierre Châtel of his decease, if the fact were not so, I could not conceive. There was no fastening to my door, and the first question that occurred to me was, whether this diabolical dream of his was ever repeated twice in one night! I had often heard that the magic number of three is apt to prevail on these occasions; and if so, he might come back again. I confess I was horribly afraid that he would. In the mean time I found myself shivering with cold, and was, perforce, obliged to creep into the bed, where indeed I was not much warmer. Sleep was of course out of the question. I lay listening anxiously, expecting either the stealthy foot of Brother Lazarus, or the glad sound of the matin bell, that would summon the monks from their cells, and wondering which I should hear first. Fortunately for my nerves it was

the latter; and with alacrity I jumped out of bed, dressed myself, and descended to the chapel.

"When I reached it, the monks were on their knees, and their cowls being over their heads, I could not, as I ran my eye over them, distinguish my friend the somnambulist; but when they rose to their feet, his tall gaunt figure and high shoulders were easily discernible, and I had identified him before I saw his face. As they passed out of the chapel, I drew near and saluted him, observing that I believed I had had the pleasure of seeing him before at Pierre Châtel; but he only shook his head, as if in token of denial; and as I could obtain no other answer to my further attempts at conversation, I left him, and proceeded to pay my respects to the prior. Of course I felt it my duty to mention my adventure of the previous night, for Brother Lazarus might on some occasion chance to set out his dream more effectually than he had had the opportunity of doing with me and Père Jolivet.

"I am extremely sorry indeed," said Padre Pachorra when he had heard my story; "they must have omitted to lock him into his cell last night. I must speak about it, for the consequences might have been very serious."

"Very serious to me certainly," said I. "But how is it I see this man here alive? When I quit-  
ted Pierre Châtel I was told he was dead, and I saw the preparations for his burial."

"They believed him dead," returned the prior; "but he was only in a trance; and after he was screwed down in his coffin, just as they were about to lower it into the grave, they felt that something was moving within. They opened it, and Fra Dominique was found alive. It appeared from his own account, that he had been suffering extremely from his dreadful dream, on occasion of the visit of some young stranger—an Englishman I think."

"Myself, I have no doubt," said I.

"Probably," returned the prior; "and this was either the cause or the consequence of his illness, for it is difficult to decide which."

"But how came he here?" I inquired.

"It was in this monastery he commenced his vocation," answered the padre. "He was only at Pierre Châtel by indulgence, and after this accident they did not wish to retain him."

"I do not wonder at that, I am sure," said I. "But why did he deny having been there? When I spoke of it to him just now, he only shook his head."

"He did not mean to deny it, I daresay," said the prior; "but he never speaks. Fra Dominique has taken a vow of eternal silence."

Here Charles Lisle brought his story to a conclusion. "How extremely shocking!" exclaimed Lady Araminta; whilst the whole company agreed that he had made out an excellent excuse for wishing to sleep with his door locked, and that he had very satisfactorily entitled himself to the promised exchange.

THE moon, when at full, reflects upon the earth only about one three thousandth part of the light of the sun; and the lunar rays, even when concentrated by a powerful lens, and the focus directed upon the bulb of a delicate thermometer, do not affect it in the slightest degree; hence the phrase, "the pale cold moon," is not only poetically beautiful, but philosophically correct.

EPITAPH ON A tomb stone in the old and deserted burial ground in Holmes' Hole, "Sacred to the memory of Lydia, wife of John Claghorn:—

"John and Lydia that lovely pair,  
A whale killed him, her body lies here;  
With Christ in peace their souls now reign,  
So our great loss is their great gain."

From Sharpe's Magazine.

# MARY BEATRICE OF MODENA.\*

THE time has happily gone by when it would have been held dangerous or disloyal to express sympathy for the fallen fortunes of the royal house of Stuart. The ungenerous spirit in which the historians of the last century, with very few exceptions, found it, perhaps, necessary to write the annals of the most interesting period of our history, is now rapidly disappearing. We have no longer occasion to feel that a reverential regard for the sacred claims of misfortune may be in any respect inconsistent with an earnest zeal for the preservation of our constitutional liberties. We may follow with respectful commiseration a discredited king into his exile, without being chargeable with any desire to restore arbitrary power; and we may accord the due measure of respect to the conscientious adherence to a proscribed faith which lost him his crown, without incurring the suspicion that our affection for our own church has suffered any diminution. The flame of party zeal, in connection with this subject, is dying out for want of sustenance. There exist now no persons in the world, whose rights or interests are liable to be affected by the judgment which may be formed of the revolution of 1688; and juster and more moderate views of the subject have therefore come to prevail.

There can be no stronger proof of the blinding influence of political partisanship, than that the conduct of the daughters of James the Second to their father has been hitherto regarded with so much indulgence. While we have been weeping over the imaginary sorrows of Lear, and execrating the crimes of his unnatural offspring, we have been almost insensible to the real afflictions of James, and to the scarcely less unnatural ingratitude of his children. If Mary and Anne had not the energy and unscrupulous audacity, with which Shakspeare invests the characters of Regan and Goneril, it is not the less true, that their whole conduct shows them to have been equally devoid not only of the principle of filial duty, but even of the instinct of natural affection. After every possible allowance which can be made for the circumstances into the stream of which they had been cast, and which they probably had little power to control, there remains enough to make the place which they must occupy in history, a very unenviable one. If they could not have saved their father, they need not, at any rate, have lent themselves to his overthrow. The selfish inanity of their characters has long since made them the objects of something as near to contempt, as it is easy to feel towards princes—a feeling which the more impartial estimate of their career now generally formed, is rapidly converting into a more active one of strong moral repugnance.

"Ingratitude! thou marble-hearted fiend,  
More hideous, when thou show'st thee in a child,  
Than the sea monster."

It is right that it should be so. It cannot be but that the general indulgence, even commendation, with which the conduct of those women to their father has been mentioned in history, must have had an unwholesome effect upon the moral sensibilities of the nation. We have little faith in the

reality of that public virtue which pursues a political end, however desirable, by the sacrifice of the most graceful and indispensable of the natural affections. And still more, when we find that the object actually arrived at is personal aggrandizement—while the affections sacrificed are the most sacred, and the most closely linked with whatever is good in our natures, which can hold a place in the human breast—the evidence of purity of intention must be strong indeed, to overcome the shrinking of heart with which we contemplate such a moral anomaly. Even the stern justice of the elder Brutus is sufficiently revolting to our natural feelings; but the cold-blooded ambition of James' daughters fills us with disgust, unmitigated by anything lofty or imposing—anything greatly daring—in the means by which its end was attained. Can we say that their guilt was less than that which brought down the patriarch's prophetic curse upon his son, and consigned one whole family of the earth to servile debasement? When history shall, in after times, rehearse the dying words of Madame Roland, "O liberty! how many crimes are committed in thy name!" we fear that our own "glorious" revolution, in some of its incidents, will not be absent from its thoughts; that it will think of the daughters who, to gain a crown for themselves, "tied sharp-tooth'd unkindness, like a vulture," to a father's heart, consigning him in sorrow and exile to that bitterness of all feelings that can afflict the heart of a man—the feeling

"How sharper than a serpent's tooth it is  
To have a thankless child."

Our interest in the misfortunes of James becomes still warmer at discovering the influence which they seem to have exercised upon his character. Without entering into minute particulars, it is sufficiently clear, that, with some attractive points in his disposition, he was, in the days of his prosperity, too largely imbued with the prevailing vices of his rank and age. It was a time of general laxity and moral debasement, especially in the higher walks of life; and James shared more than enough in the taint with which the atmosphere he lived in was infected. His adversity seems, in truth, to have brought a healing balm with it. Though, like the toad, ugly and venomous, it wore, "a precious jewel in its head," which, with a talismanic virtue, cleansed away the moral leprosy that clove to him. He became—no doubt a sadder, (who can wonder at that?)—certainly a wiser and a better man. The loss of his earthly crown seems to have set him, in right earnest, upon the search after what no man yet searched for in earnest without finding—a heavenly one. His piety seems to have been fervent and sincere—not a mere splenetic disgust with a world whose pomps and vanities had forsaken him, but an enduring principle implanted within him, and bearing its appropriate fruits. The message of forgiveness which, with his dying breath, he sent to his undutiful daughter, and the injunction which, at the same time, he gave to his son, that if ever he came to his throne, he should not take vengeance upon his enemies, attest more strongly than anything else can, the reality of the change which his sufferings had wrought upon him.

It is not of James, however, that we are now to speak, but of his wife—of her who, though innocent of any share in his political misdoings, bore the full burden of his punishment; who having, with the not unnatural reluctance of an unsophisti-

\* *Lives of the Queens of England*, by Agnes Strickland. Vol. ix., containing the first part of the life of Mary Beatrice of Modena, Queen Consort of James II. London: Colburn, 1846.

cated girl of fifteen, united herself to a middle-aged man—a reluctance little qualified by the knowledge that he was the heir-presumptive to a throne—so schooled her young affections, that, long before their union came to a close, her heart had become his as devotedly as if he had been from the first the object of her most passionate love; who, in the time of his sorrow and suffering, became his comforter, his counsellor, his support; who, with a constancy of affection never surpassed in any sphere of life, upheld his feeble steps, as, under the weight of a premature old age, he tottered to the grave, and with the soft hand of womanly tenderness smoothed his dying pillow, clinging to her desolate husband until she was forced away lest the poignancy of her grief should disturb his last moments. This pattern of a wife, of whom, though a British queen, so deep and envenomed has been the prejudice with which the character of every one connected with the unhappy Stuarts has been regarded, we have hitherto known little or nothing, save the vile and coarse calumny of which she has been the object, is the subject of this volume of Miss Strickland's *Lives of the Queens of England*.

There is something very peculiar in the view which we obtain of history in tracing the lives of royal consorts. The great outside world is never entirely shut out. The chariot of state is always to be seen—the sound of its wheels is ever in our ears—we feel that the events we are dealing with are at no time entirely disconnected from it, though sometimes joined by a thread so fine as to be nearly invisible—that they often influence its course—more frequently are borne irresistibly along with it; at the same time we are not in the busy whirl; we look down upon it, as it were, from some private casement, and its sound is softened and subdued, ere it reaches us, by the thick folds of domestic drapery which shut us in. We leave the beaten highway of history, with all its roughness and dust, and follow the same course along a smooth grassy path, thickly shaded by overhanging boughs from the glare of the noon-day sun, but opening up, every now and then, bright peeps into the world around, and never removing us altogether from the sight and sound of it.

The present biography, if not the most intrinsically interesting, is in one point of view the most valuable accession to our stores of historical information of those which Miss Strickland has yet given to the world. The subject of it, as she tells us, is one whose life has never before been written with any attempt at truthful delineation. Had she done no more than so sifted and arranged the materials already possessed by the world, as to bring out the truth from under the load of interested misrepresentation under which it lay concealed, she would have done much to deserve our thanks; but, in addition to that, her industry and research have brought before us a large amount of information which had been concealed from the investigations of all former historians. The materials of which she has made use, and the means by which she obtained access to them, are thus described by her: "The materials for the biography of the consort of James II. are chiefly derived from the unpublished letters, journals, and documents, of the period. Many of these, and indeed the most important, are locked up in the secret archives of France; papers that are guarded with such extreme jealousy from the curiosity of foreigners, that nothing less than the powerful influence

of M. Guizot himself could have procured access to those collections. Through the kindness and liberality of that accomplished statesman-historian, every facility for research and transcription was granted during my residence in Paris in the spring and summer of 1844. The result was fortunate beyond my most sanguine expectations, in the discovery of inedited letters, records, and documents, connected with the personal history of the beautiful and unfortunate princess whose memoir occupies the present volume of the '*Lives of the Queens of England*.' Not the least curious of these records is part of a MS. diary, kept, apparently, by one of the nuns of Chaillot, of the sayings and doings of the exiled queen, during her occasional retreats to that convent after the death of James II., full of characteristic traits and anecdotes. It is quaintly, but pleasantly written, though sometimes wearisome at times, from the frequent allusions to the devotional exercises, the fasts, and other observances practised by the sisters of Chaillot and their royal guest. It admits us, however, most fully within the grate, and puts us in possession of things that were never intended to be whispered beyond the walls of that little world. Much additional light is thrown on the personal history of the exiled royal family, by the incidents that have been there chronicled from the queen's own lips. The fidelity of the statements is verified by their strict agreement, in many instances, with other inedited documents, of the existence of which the sister of Chaillot could not have been aware. Besides these treasures, I was permitted to take transcripts of upwards of two hundred original autograph letters of this queen, being her confidential correspondence for the last thirty years of her life, with her friend Françoise Angelique Priolo, and others of the nuns of Chaillot. To this correspondence I am indebted for many touching pictures of the domestic life of the fallen queen and her children, during their residence in the chateau of St. Germain. It is impossible to read her unaffected descriptions of her feelings without emotion. Some of the letters have been literally steeped in the tears of the royal writer, especially those which she wrote after the battle of la Hogue, during the absence of King James, when she was in hourly expectation of the birth of her youngest child, and finally, in her last utter desolation."

We shall now give a few particulars of the life of Mary Beatrice, from Miss Strickland's narrative, which, we may observe, carries it down only to the death of James II., in September, 1701.

She was a daughter of the illustrious house of Esté, immortalized by Tasso, Ariosto, and Dante. This family had long ruled over the united duchies of Ferrara and Modena; but, about a hundred years before the birth of Mary, the duchy of Ferrara had been seized by the pope, and annexed to the papal dominions, under the pretence that it was a fief of the papal empire; and the representative of the family was after that only known as Duke of Modena. The father of Mary Beatrice was Alphonso d'Esté, Duke of Modena, son of Francisco the Great and Maria Farnese. Her mother, Laura Martinuzzi, was the daughter of Count Hieronimo Martinuzzi da Fano, a Roman nobleman of ancient family, and Margaret, sister of Cardinal Mazarine. She was the eldest child of her parents, and was born on the 5th of October, 1658. Her father, an able and accomplished prince, died while she was almost an infant, leaving her and a younger brother to the guardianship of their mother, and their uncle,

Prince Rinaldo d'Esté, afterwards Cardinal d'Esté. She was educated at home, under the care of a governess, until she was nine years old, after which she was sent to finish her education in a convent, where she imbibed a taste for a life of religious seclusion, which contributed greatly to her reluctance to unite herself to James, and was not without its influence upon the whole of her after life.

James' first wife, Ann Hyde, died in 1672, leaving two daughters. He seemed disposed a second time to seek for a wife among his brother's subjects, having actually given a written promise of marriage to Lady Bellasis, widow of Sir Henry Bellasis, a lady of invincible zeal for protestantism, and of unimpeachable character; but, the matter having come to the king his brother's ears, he interposed his authority to have it broken off, compelled Lady Bellasis to give up the promise, and engaged his brother in negotiations for marriage with a foreign princess.

The person employed to arrange matters for James' marriage was his friend the Earl of Peterborough, who has left an amusing account, from which Miss Strickland quotes pretty fully, of his adventures in the course of several negotiations, which, one after the other, proved abortive, until that with the subject of this notice was, after many difficulties, at last brought to a successful issue. It was not without much difficulty that, after every other obstacle was removed, the unwillingness of Mary Beatrice to renounce her long-cherished desire of spending her days in a convent, for the sake of a union, however splendid, with a man whom she had never seen, and of whom she knew nothing but that he was twenty-five years older than herself, was overcome. She wept bitterly, and yielded at last only in obedience to the commands of her mother, whom she had never ventured to disobey. The marriage was solemnized on the 30th of September, 1673, the Earl of Peterborough officiating as proxy for the royal bridegroom. Mary arrived in England on the 21st of November, and met her husband at Dover, whither he had gone to welcome her to her future home.

James was delighted with his young bride. Her first impressions of him were different. Miss Strickland says: "Mary Beatrice in after years acknowledged that she did not like her lord at first. What girl of fifteen ever did like a spouse five-and-twenty years her senior!" James had enough good sense to take no notice of the childish aversion which she could not conceal, and treated her with the utmost kindness and affection. Her aversion, it will be seen, was not very long-lived. They were married over again in person that night by the Bishop of Oxford.

Mary Beatrice was received with great favor by the king her brother-in-law, who continued to treat her with much kindness to the end of his life. She said of him in after years: "He was always kind to me, and was so truly amiable and good-natured that I loved him very much, even before I became attached to my lord the Duke of York." But she was, on her arrival, the object of a very different feeling on the part of the nation generally. We shall here have recourse to Miss Strickland's own words: "The reception of the youthful duchess, on her first appearance at Whitehall, was truly flattering, as she was treated with every mark of affection and distinction by their majesties, and with much respect by the great ladies of the court and all the royal party; yet, observes Lord Peterborough, 'clouds hung heavy upon the brows of many others,

who had a mind to punish what they could not prevent.' It was impossible for anything to be more unpopular than the marriage of the heir presumptive to the crown with a Catholic princess. The disapprobation of Parliament had been loudly, but fruitlessly, expressed. The ribald political rhymesters, who had already assailed James with a variety of disgusting lampoons on the subject of his Italian alliance, were preparing to aim their coarse shafts at his bride; but, when she appeared, her youth, her innocence, and surpassing loveliness, disarmed even their malignity; they found no point for attack. From others the young duchess received the most unbounded homage. King Charles ordered a silver medal to be struck in honor of his brother's marriage, in which half-length portraits of James and his bride appear, face to face, 'like Philip and Mary on a shilling.' The disparity in their age is strikingly apparent, for, though the royal admiral was still in the pride of manhood, and reckoned at that time one of the finest men in his brother's court, his handsome but sternly-marked lineaments are in such strong contrast to the softness of contour, delicate features, and almost infantine expression of his youthful consort, that no one would take them for husband and wife. The dress of the young duchess is arranged with classical simplicity, and her hair negligently bound up with a fillet, over which the rich profusion of ringlets fall negligently, as if with the weight of their own luxuriance, on either side of her face, and shade her graceful throat and bosom. As this princess was of that order of beauty to which the royal taste awarded the palm, and her natural charms were unmarred by vanity or affectation, she excited boundless admiration in the court of Charles II., where it was hoped that the purity of her manners and morals would have a restraining and beneficial effect."

Mary Beatrice had been accompanied to England by her mother, the Duchess of Modena, who left her in something more than a month. She felt the separation bitterly; but she was now beginning to become reconciled to the society of her husband, for whom she was gradually imbibing an affection which, as she herself said after she was a widow, "increased with every year that they lived together, and received no interruption to the end of his life." Her fondness for him became such, she said, "as to amount to an engrossing passion which interfered with her spiritual duties, for she thought more of pleasing him than of serving her God; and that it was sinful for any one to love an earthly creature as she had loved her husband, but that her fault brought its own punishment in the pain she suffered at discovering that she was not the exclusive object of his regard." This last allusion Miss Strickland thus explains:—"James had unhappily formed habits and connexions disgraceful to himself, and inimical to the peace of his youthful consort. His conduct with several of the married ladies of the court, and even with those in her own household, afforded great cause for scandal; and of course there were busy tongues, eager to whisper every story of the kind to his bride. If Mary Beatrice had been a few years older at the time of her marriage, she would have understood the value of her own charms, and, instead of assailing her faithless lord with tears and passionate reproaches, she would have endeavored to win him from her rivals by the graceful arts of captivation, for which she was well qualified. James was proud of her beauty, and flattered by her jealousy; he treated her with unbounded indulgence, as she herself acknowledged; but there was so little

difference in age between her and his eldest daughter, that he appears only to have regarded her as a full-grown child, or a plaything, till the moral dignity of her character became developed by the force of circumstances, and he learned to look up to her with that admiration and respect which her virtues were calculated to excite. This triumph was not easily or quickly won; many a heart-ache and many a trial had Mary Beatrice to endure before that day arrived."

Mary's first child, a daughter, was born on the 10th Jan. 1675. She had the child privately baptized a few hours after its birth, according to the rites of the church of Rome; but Charles, when he was informed of it, disregarding her tears and expostulations, (for she was terrified at the thought of having been the means of incurring a sacrilege through the reiteration of the baptismal sacrament,) ordered the little princess to be borne with all due solemnity to the chapel-royal, and had her christened there by a Protestant bishop, according to the rites of the church of England. She was called Catharina Laura, out of compliment to the queen and the Duchess of Modena. Her first baptism was kept a profound secret, and was only divulged by Mary Beatrice herself, many years after, to the nuns of Chaillot. This child died at the age of ten months.

A second daughter was born on the 18th August, 1676, which only lived to be five years old.

Mary Beatrice was on the eve of her third confinement, when her husband's eldest daughter, Mary, was married to the Prince of Orange. She was present in the princess' bed-chamber, when this event—so fatal to the fortunes of herself, her husband, and her children—was solemnized. A jest of King Charles on the occasion is worth repeating. It would have been more pleasing, had it been less literally true—less suggestive of the existence even then of feelings and hopes, which were afterwards so signally displayed. He bade the Bishop of London "make haste with the ceremony, lest his sister should be delivered of a son in the mean time, and

so spoil the marriage." Three days afterwards the boy whom his majesty had thus merrily anticipated was born. But he died of small-pox when little more than a month old, to the great disappointment of the nation, and to the inexpressible grief of his parents, to whom his loss proved in every aspect of it an irreparable calamity.

Mary Beatrice continued always on very friendly terms with James' daughters by his first wife. Before the Princess of Orange had been long married, reports reached England which suggested doubts of her happiness in her married state, and Mary Beatrice determined, with the permission of the king and her husband, to pay her a visit incognito, accompanied by the Princess Anne. The feelings which led to this visit are thus pleasingly described by Miss Strickland: "The unostentatious manner in which the duchess wished to make her visit to her step-daughter, the Princess of Orange, proves that it was simply for the satisfaction of seeing her, and giving her the comfort of her sister's society, unrestrained by any of the formal and fatiguing ceremonials which royal etiquette would have imposed upon all parties, if she had appeared in her own character. Considering the extreme youth of the three ladies, the affectionate terms on which they had always lived together, and the conjugal infelicity of the lately wedded Princess of Orange at that time, her sickness and dejection, it is more probable that Mary Beatrice undertook this expedition with the Princess Anne, in consequence of some private communication from the pining invalid, expressive of her anxious desire to see them, and confide to them some of the trials which weighed so heavily on her heart in that uncongenial land of strangers."

The visit was a short, though apparently an agreeable one, and Mary Beatrice returned, after a few days' stay at the Hague, to find her lord vainly attempting to grapple with the fierce storm which had suddenly arisen in England, and which was got up for his destruction, known by the name of the Popish Plot.

**RIPE BREAD.**—Bread made of wheat flour, when taken out of the oven, is unprepared for the stomach. It should go through a change, or ripen, before it is eaten. Young persons, or persons in the enjoyment of vigorous health, may eat bread immediately after being baked without any sensible injury from it; but weakly and aged persons cannot; and none can eat such without doing harm to the digestive organs. Bread, after being baked, goes through a change similar to the change in newly-brewed beer, or newly-churned butter-milk, neither being healthy until after the change. During the change in bread, it sends off a large portion of carbon or unhealthy gas, and imbibes a large portion of oxygen or healthy gas. Bread has, according to the computation of physicians, one fifth more nutriment in it when ripe than when just out of the oven. It not only has more nutriment, but imparts a much greater degree of cheerfulness. He that eats old ripe bread will have a much greater flow of animal spirits than he would were he to eat unripe bread. Bread, as before observed, discharges carbon and imbibes oxygen. One thing in connection with this thought should be particularly noticed by all housewives. It is, to let the bread ripen where it can inhale the oxygen in a pure state. Bread will always taste of the air that surrounds it while ripening; hence it should ripen when the air is pure. It should never ripen in a cellar, nor in a close cupboard, nor in a bedroom. The noxious

vapors of a cellar or a cupboard never should enter into and form a part of the bread we eat. Bread should be light, well-baked, and properly ripened before it should be eaten. Bread that is several days old may be renewed so as to have all the freshness and lightness of new bread, by simply putting it into a common steamer over the fire, and steaming it half or three quarters of an hour. The vessel under the steamer containing the water should not be more than half full, otherwise the water may boil up into the steamer, and wet the bread. After the bread is thus steamed, it should be taken out of the steamer, and wrapped loosely in a cloth, to dry and cool, and remain so a short time, when it will be ready to be cut and used. It will then be like cold new bread.—*American Farmer.*

**PRIDE AND HUMILITY.**—I never yet found pride in a noble nature, nor humility in an unworthy mind. Of all trees, I observe that God hath chosen the vine—a low plant, that creeps upon the helpful wall; of all beasts, the soft and patient lamb; of all fowls, the mild and guileless dove. When God appeared to Moses, it was not in the lofty cedar, nor the sturdy oak, nor the spreading plane, but in a bush—a humble, slender, abject bush. As if He would, by these elections, check the conceited arrogance of man. Nothing procureth love like humility; nothing hate like pride.—*Feltham's Resolves.*

